

POET

OF

THOMAS

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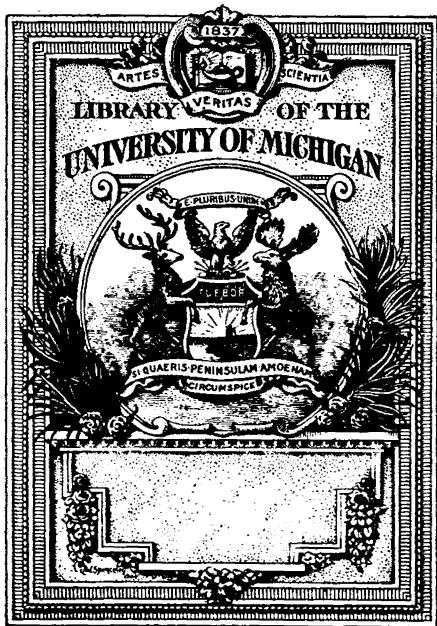
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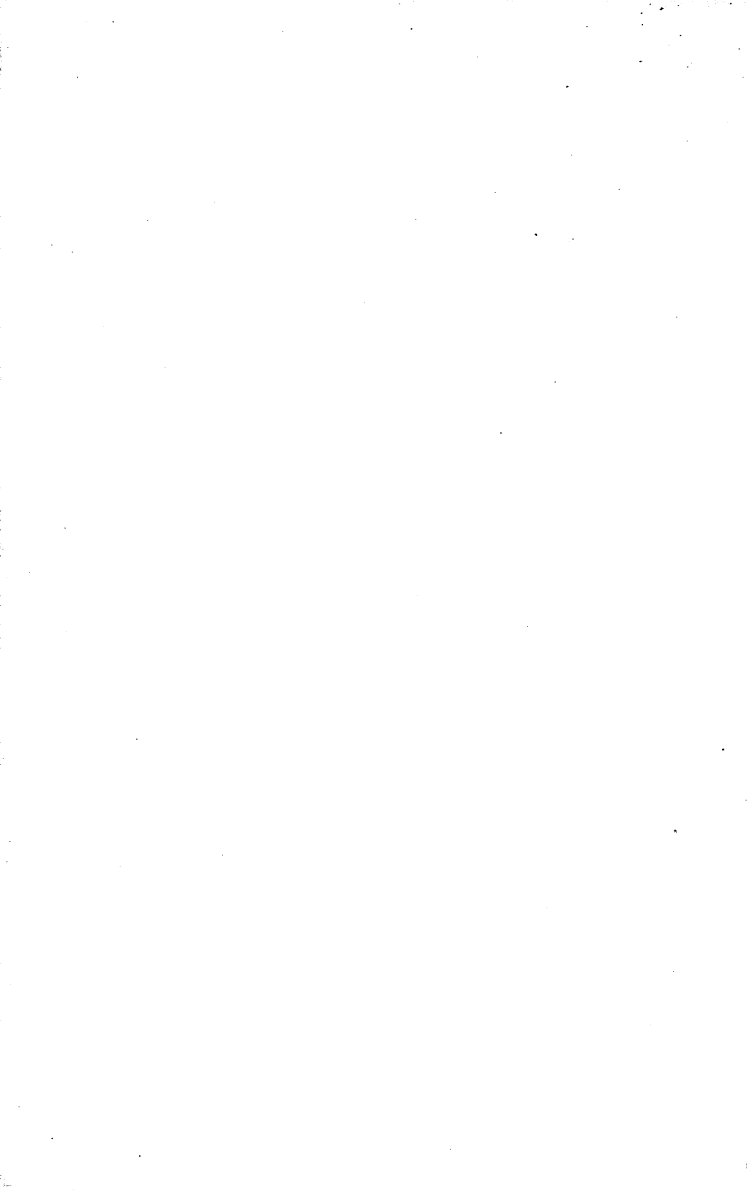
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Golden Treasury Series

POETRY OF THOMAS MOORE



SLOPERTON COTTAGE, MOORE'S HOME IN WILTSHIRE.

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POETRY
OF
THOMAS MOORE

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TO

EDWARD DOWDEN

IN PLEASANT RECOLLECTION OF MANY KINDNESSES

INTRODUCTION

TO realise that the vogue of Moore among his contemporaries was second only to the vogue of Byron and the vogue of Scott, requires something like an effort of the historical imagination. Yet so it certainly was. And not only so, but by virtue of the rapidity with which his early fame was achieved the Irish poet, who had made his mark before either of his great coevals had become widely known, was for a long time considered their equal. Never during his life was he ranked in any lower grade than theirs. The senior by nine years of Byron, "Anacreon" Moore was a celebrity in the salons of London before the author of *Hours of Idleness* had left Harrow; and although junior to Scott by almost as many years, Moore had published three separate volumes and had acquired a definite hold upon the public before the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* had appeared. That hold upon the public Moore retained to the end of his

career, despite the extraordinary poetic fertility of the period in which he lived.

No doubt Moore owed much of this sustained eminence to the circumstance that, in the great poetical tournament with which the nineteenth century opened, he was the first to enter the lists. As Scott good-humouredly said to him, speaking of their numerous competitors, "We were in the luck of it to come before these fellows, whom we have taught to beat us with our own weapons." Yet the fact remains, that despite the advent of the immortal band of moderns—of Byron and Shelley, of Wordsworth and Keats—Moore contrived to command to the close of a long career the unstinted applause of his contemporaries. That the praise thus bestowed on Moore was excessive, hardly requires demonstration. If we take the most prosaic standard of merit possible, the standard of a publisher's appraisalment of a writer's market value, we shall find, irrespective of all literary canons of criticism, a sufficient proof of it. No one considers, nor did any one even in the acmé of Moore's popularity pretend to consider *Lalla Rookh* the greatest poem which was produced in the extraordinarily fertile age in which it was written. Yet Longmans were willing to give the largest sum ever paid for a single poem for the right to publish *Lalla Rookh*, and that without seeing a line of the work.

The natural enthusiasm of biographers provides a standard of classification even less trustworthy than that of the publishers. The eminent statesman whom Moore was indiscreet enough to name as his literary executor raised to the memory of his friend a monument of all that biography ought not to be. And even apart from biographical infelicity, the critical authority of Lord John Russell does not stand high. But at any rate he was warm and sincere in his appreciation of his friend. And when he claims for the author of the *Irish Melodies* that, 'of English Lyrical Poets, Moore is surely the first,' if he cannot command our assent, at least he expresses a view which was held three-quarters of a century ago by some excellent judges of poetry. Nor is it certain that he was wrong in adding that, in the united excellence and abundance of his lyrical productions, no English poet can be compared with Moore. For the body of Moore's lyrical poems is unusually large, and their average excellence singularly well sustained. If the poet does not often soar to the topmost heights of Parnassus, he but seldom descends to its base.

Setting aside the publishers and the biographers, it is more fruitful to inquire what were the opinions of Moore's poetical contemporaries. Byron's eulogy of some of the earlier *Irish Melodies* as "worth all the epics that ever were composed," is hardly to be called criticism. But at any rate it is honest

enthusiasm. Leigh Hunt, though taking a lower view of his friend's talent, considered that Moore was "equally sure of present and future fame." "Christopher North" thought Moore to be "the best of all song-writers," and actually held him to be the superior of Burns "in richness, in variety, in grace, in the power of art." While Scott, ever prodigal of generous praise, wrote of him as his equal and brother-in-arms.

These high tributes to Moore's maturer fame are the more remarkable because he was not exempt from dispraise in his earlier career. The savage onslaught of Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* need not be too seriously taken. It was applied only to Moore's earliest and least considerable volumes of original poetry, and its sting was drawn by the subsequent cordiality of the critic towards the young writer whom he not undeservedly rebuked. That there was some justice in Jeffrey's needlessly acrimonious strictures on the poems of "Mr. Thomas Little" as "the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of those who in our times have devoted their talents to the propagation of immorality," no one who has read the original volume will be inclined to deny. And that these verses produced not a little of the effect they were qualified to exercise is plain enough, not only from Byron's couplet in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which passed a just

judgment on Moore's earliest book, but from the actual language of one of Byron's letters. "I believe," he wrote to Moore himself in 1820, "all the mischief I have ever done or sung has been owing to that confounded book of yours." Yet though these early verses exhibit too much of the pruriency to which adolescence is prone, and though Byron's description of the young author as a "melodious advocate of lust" was not entirely undeserved, Carlyle's contemptuous verdict on Moore in later years as "a lascivious triviality of great fame" is certainly unwarranted and excessive. Moore's libertinism was harmless enough. As some one has said, he was "only an amateur rake"; and the tone of his amorous sallies has been admirably characterised in the description applied to the poet by one of his friends as "an infant sporting in the bosom of Venus."

In accounting for the marvellous success with which a youth of barely twenty-one, of humble origin and of Irish birth, took by storm in a few months the world of London, Moore's remarkable social and musical gifts must not be overlooked. Eminent as were his poetical qualities, Moore owed the rapid rise of his fame, in the first instance, not so much to his poetry as to his talents as a musician. He was, in fact, as has been justly said, a nineteenth century troubadour whose spirit was equally sympathetic to music and to song. His attractive personality and

extraordinary social talents had won him his way into the most exclusive coteries of London long before the poems which are his chief title to fame had been written. And the same engaging qualities served to retain for him a continuance of the same generous meed of exaggerated applause long after his poetical powers had manifestly declined from their zenith. There was about Moore, as Scott said, "a manly frankness with perfect ease and breeding which was delightful," and his countenance, "plain but animated, especially in speaking or singing, and more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it," contributed to the charm of his personality. The first instalment of the *Irish Melodies*, upon which Moore's enduring fame now mainly depends, did not appear till 1807. *Lalla Rookh* did not appear until ten years later. Yet long before either of them had been published, the youthful "son of John Moore, a small grocer in Dublin,"—so Moore described himself to the Prince Regent,—had become the protégé of Holland House, and had earned fame enough to be deemed a mark for the denunciations of Jeffrey and the lampoons of Byron.

The peculiar source of Moore's musical effects have been often described, and the tradition still lingers of his marvellous power over the emotions of his audience. N. T. Willis, in his *Pencillings by the Way*, has given in a few sentences a wonderfully

vivid sketch of his after-dinner performances. "He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids and starting your tears, if you have a soul or senses in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's." But successes of this sort have their drawbacks. They inevitably provoked criticisms which labelled Moore, unjustly enough, as no more than a "carpet poet"; and in any case, it was impossible that impressions thus created should retain their power when the source of them was withdrawn. It was no wonder that the magic of such a personality should have cast a spell over his contemporaries, which distorted their judgment of his purely poetical qualities, or that with such gifts Moore should have retained, for something like half a century, the affectionate homage of many of the most eminent Englishmen of his time. But it was certain that as the memory of the man inevitably faded, the fame of the poet should become tarnished.

Setting aside his juvenile efforts, Moore's poetical claims rest upon three classes of poetry; viz. the narrative poems of which *Lalla Rookh* is the chief, and, indeed, practically the only serious example; the satirical poems which constitute so large a portion of his total production; and the songs and lyrical

pieces, mostly comprised in the *Irish Melodies*, *National Airs*, and *Sacred Songs*, but also scattered through his miscellaneous pieces, and interspersed, after the manner of Scott and Byron, in the longer poems. A word may fitly be said here on each of these chief divisions into which Moore's work naturally falls.

Lalla Rookh has long since fallen into a disrepute almost as undeserved as the extravagant admiration once bestowed on it. Perhaps it would be difficult to indicate its characteristic merits more clearly than by noting that it is in France and at the hands of a French critic that the work has latterly received the most respectful treatment. For the poem, like the genius of its author, has qualities of brilliancy, alike of conception and execution, which are distinctively French. We may hesitate, indeed, to say with M. Vallat that "for the excellence of its poetry as well as for the power of invention and execution which it displays, *Lalla Rookh* is one of the finest poems in the English language."¹ But it is impossible to deny the abundant fertility of fancy, the luxuriant profusion of imagery, or the facile command of graceful diction which is displayed throughout. It is true that, as Hazlitt has observed, its brilliancy is too continuously glittering, and its ornament lavish beyond

¹ *Étude sur La Vie et Les Œuvres de Thomas Moore*, par Gustave Vallat. Paris, 1887.

the limits of good taste. The atmosphere, intended to be redolent of the odours of the East, is sometimes merely reminiscent of the atmosphere of a hair-dresser's shop. Yet if, as Jeffrey justly said, Moore in his *Lalla Rookh* dazzles rather than enchants us, it is undeniable that he has given us not a few passages of great descriptive power, of singular narrative charm, and of delicate imaginative art.

An element alike of contemporary strength and of posthumous weakness in Moore's popularity lay in the fact that a very large part of his work, perhaps a third of the whole, was devoted to political satire. For political satire, dependent as it is for its effect on the salt of pointed personal allusion, but seldom preserves for posterity the savour which it possessed for those for whom it was written. To achieve immortality in this sort of composition requires in the author satirical genius of the highest kind; and even such genius may not be sufficient if the objects of the satire are not themselves so illustrious or so notorious as to attract the interest of ages later than their own. Even the genius of Dryden might have failed to make *Absalom and Achitophel* immortal had his satire embalmed a chicanery less distinguished than the intrigues of the politicians of the Restoration; and Zimri himself might have been forgotten had the portrait been drawn from an original less unhappily distinguished than Buckingham. Even

the undying absurdity of human nature, to use Moore's own phrase, is insufficient to render the most successful ridicule intelligible to future times and generations without such aids as these.

That in spite of these drawbacks and disabilities, many of Moore's political pasquinades are still readable is a high testimony to his powers as a satirist. One does not, of course, include in this category his more serious efforts in political satire. In such set pieces as *Corruption*, *Intolerance*, and *The Sceptic*, in which he assumed the role of the heavy father, Moore attempted a part quite unsuited to his powers. Yet even here, there are strokes that should not be forgotten. As for example, in the lines in which, disgusted with the failure of the Cabinet of all the Talents to realise any of the golden visions of reform which the advent to power of Fox and his adherents had conjured up, he castigates his friends the Whigs :—

But bees, on flowers alighting cease to hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb,

Nor could the change from the prerogatives of Tudor or Stuart sovereignty to the mild sway of modern constitutional monarchy be expressed with more terse felicity than in the couplet :—

That ponderous sceptre in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now.

These serious pieces have, however, been long

forgotten ; and they have been forgotten deservedly. The lines just quoted are the only ones that justify *Corruption*.

How many a doubt pursues, how oft we sigh,
When histories charm, to think that histories lie

is a couplet perhaps worth rescuing from *The Sceptic*. *Intolerance*, however, is quite intolerably turgid.

It was far otherwise with Moore's lighter satirical vein. In the *Twopenny Post-bag*, *The Fudge Family in Paris*, and the *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, the subjects are not beneath the dignity of poetry. Though many of the allusions are lost to the modern reader, Castlereagh and Eldon, to name two of the most frequent targets for the most pointed arrows of Moore's deftly feathered wit, have still life enough in them to give point to the quips which so much delighted the England of the Regency. And in the Congress of Vienna and the Holy Alliance, Moore was fleshing his sword in the greatest personages and the greatest events of the nineteenth century. For lightness of touch, appositeness of ridicule and genuine mirth-provoking wit, some of Moore's work in this kind is unsurpassed and unsurpassable in English satire. Some of the pieces may perhaps be matched for adroit dexterity and sprightly allusion in the *Rolliad*, and nothing in Moore is quite equal to the sustained ferocity of invective, worthy of a metrical Junius, which distinguishes some of the

poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*. But if Canning in a few pieces—the *New Morality*, for instance—excels Moore in the “power of transmitting the scourge of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the back of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shapes they may present themselves,”¹ neither Canning nor any one else is comparable to Moore for the extent and variety of his humorous political verse. Except in rare cases, the shafts of Moore’s wit leave no sting behind. His humour is continually softened by his good-humour. There was no malignity about his wit, and few of the objects of his ridicule cherished any real resentment against him. One of the most creditable anecdotes recorded of George IV., is that in which Lockhart represents the Regent as quoting with good-tempered amusement Moore’s most brilliant lampoons upon himself.

It is not, however, by *Lalla Rookh*, or any of the more ambitious performances in which he sought to rival the most splendid of his contemporaries, nor yet by his political satires, admirable as they are, that Moore’s place in the poetical firmament is to be determined. It is as the lyricist of the *Irish Melodies* that his light will shine enduringly; not indeed with the power of a star of the first magnitude, but with

¹ Moore’s Preface to the Sixth Volume of the Collected Edition of his Poetry.

a lustre peculiarly its own. It is significant of the saving good sense which lay at the root of his character that Moore himself felt and recognised that it is on these songs that he must base his claim to lasting fame. However great his disappointment at the verdict of the best critics on his more grandiose efforts, he ended by recognising its justice. In the introduction to the fourth volume of his complete works, he concludes his account of the *Melodies* by styling them "the only work of my pen, as I very sincerely believe, whose fame (thanks to the sweet music in which it is embalmed) may boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond our own." And in "Dear Harp of my Country," he has given poetical expression to the same sentiments:—

I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

The generous modesty with which Moore is thus content to ascribe the fame of the *Melodies* to their music is unjust to their merit as poetry. It is true, indeed, that those who only know these songs in association with the airs to which they are set will sometimes find a difficulty in appreciating their value considered simply as poems, so exquisitely intimate is their union of music and poetry. The music lingers in the memory, and dominates the impression which the words alone should produce. The very success with which the poet subordinates his songs

to their setting militates against the appreciation of their poetical merit. Those, however, who read the *Melodies* simply as verse, will find in them both the impulse and the form of genuine poetry. It is true that, as Tennyson (as candid a critic of the verse of other poets as he was fastidious in his judgment of his own), has observed, "hardly anything in Moore is altogether what it should be." Even the best of his songs are lacking in the technical excellence which, had they not been written primarily for music, they would almost certainly have possessed. For the technical excellence of *Lalla Rookh*, and generally of Moore's work when unhampered by a musical context, is much greater than the technical excellence of the *Melodies*. It is, doubtless, to this defect that we must attribute the comparatively slender representation of Moore in the *Golden Treasury*; though even so exacting a critic as Mr. Palgrave would probably have admitted that the five pieces included in his anthology do not exhaust the list of Moore's songs which deserve the praise of that "excellence in the whole as well as in the parts" which is the condition of inclusion in his collection.

√ Though not all the *Melodies* derive their inspiration from patriotism, it may fairly be said upon the whole that what gives to these poems their chief distinction is their note of a simple, sincere, and natural patriotism. This sentiment of patriotism is

a note as real and distinctive in the poems as the note of Celtic melancholy is distinctive in the music of the Melodies. Not merely do they supply in their musical setting the most successful example which poetry can present of the happy union of national song with national sentiment, but they breathe in every line that genuine love of fatherland which appeals to every Irish nature, and which accounts for the affection with which, all the world over, Moore is hailed by men of Irish blood as peculiarly the Laureate of Erin. Not that Moore was at any time a patriot in the political sense. He was indeed the early friend of Robert Emmet, and there is no more winning trait in his character than his constant devotion to the memory of the friend whose fate inspired at least three of the most touching of his lyrics. Moore was also at all times the energetic champion of the rights of a creed to which, however lightly it may have sat on him, he remained true to the end. Friend as he was to the Whig leaders, whose support and favour were all his life long almost a vital element in his worldly prosperity, he did not hesitate to turn on them when they seemed to be false to their profession of solicitude for Ireland. It was anger at the desertion of the cause of Catholic Emancipation by the colleagues of Fox that drew from him that witty satire on the Whigs, already quoted, which redeems from worth-

lessness his otherwise turgid poem "Corruption." And it further illustrates the depth of Moore's political feelings, that the only instances in which the arrows of his satirical wit ever seem to be poisoned by vindictiveness are those with which he assailed Castlereagh as the author of the Union. In other respects Moore's patriotism is singularly pure, singularly unsullied by personalities. Few, if any of the Melodies, with the exception of "When first I met thee warm and young," which he himself tells us was intended as a rebuke to the Prince Regent's abandonment of the Whigs, were written with any reference to party politics. But his attachment to his native land was always deep and strong. And if, all his life through, he appeared to prefer the salons of Holland House or the pleasure grounds of Bowood to the society of his countrymen at home, it was doubtless because he felt in his own person the sentiments he attributes to the ancient bards of Ireland in the poem which stands first in this selection :—

Oh, blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame ;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart ;
And the lips, which now breathe but the song of desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart.

That the Poetry of Thomas Moore should find a place in the Golden Treasury Series with the poetry of Byron and of Shelley, of Wordsworth and of Southey, may perhaps excite a mild surprise in readers who have forgotten the eminence once occupied by the author of "Lalla Rookh" in the estimation of the public of his own day. So complete is the revolution wrought in literary taste by the criticism of the last generation, that the warmest lovers of literature have grown to disdain the school of poetry which most delighted their grandfathers. The exaltation of the moral over the merely picturesque elements in poetry, which it has been the business of most modern critics to inculcate, has thrown into disrepute that poetry of the fancy, of the affections, and of the lighter emotions, which was the principal preoccupation of the muse of Moore. But the notion that nothing in poetry can be considered as permanent and immortal which does not closely accord with the higher elements of our nature, has perhaps been carried too far. It is as well to remind ourselves that the poetry which touches the heart, even if it does not reach the soul, is poetry all the same.

What Macaulay wrote of the great poet with whose name that of Moore is so closely and so honourably linked, is true of the author of "Lalla Rookh." "He was guilty of the offence which of all offences is punished most severely, he had been

overpraised." And if, more fortunate than his great contemporary, the immense popularity of Moore's engaging personality procured the postponement of the reaction against exaggerated eulogy until after his death, the posthumous penalty has been all the heavier. One must go back to Cowley for a parallel to the contrast between the brilliant noonday splendour of contemporary approbation and the darkness of the ensuing eclipse which Moore's case presents. And indeed it is curious how closely applicable to the Irish poet are Pope's strictures on the prodigy of the Restoration period.

"Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit,
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart."

And so of Moore, his ambitious poems, his *Loves of the Angels*, his *Alciphron* and his imitations of Anacreon, are almost as dead as the Davideis or Pindarics of Cowley. But the *Irish Melodies*, the true language of Moore's heart, endure and will endure. And though no one now dreams of bracketing Moore with Byron in the poetic hierarchy, the language with which Macaulay closed his summary of the qualities of the former might have been applied without very great exaggeration to the poetry of the latter:—"That much of his poetry will undergo a severe sifting, that

much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt that after the closest scrutiny there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.”

The Text of the Collected Edition of Moore's Poetical Works in Ten Volumes, published in 1841-1842, has been followed in these Selections.



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POETRY OF THOMAS MOORE

I
IRISH MELODIES, NATIONAL AIRS,
AND
SACRED SONGS

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's
 dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of
 desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would
 bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their
 sires;

And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's
way,
Must be caught from the pile, where their country
expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget, what he never can heal :
Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how
he'll feel !

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored ;
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his
sword.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs ;
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep !

ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN
THINE EYES

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace !

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE

Go where glory waits thee :
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,

IRISH MELODIES

All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me !

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh ! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh ! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh ! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

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To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee ;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh ! then remember me.

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid :
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it
weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned ?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine ;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing :
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS 9

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH
TARA'S HALLS

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only thro' she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS
SHE WORE

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

“ Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
“ So lone and lovely through this bleak way ?
“ Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,
“ As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? ”

“ Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
“ No son of Erin will offer me harm :—
“ For though they love woman and golden store,
“ Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more ! ”

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle ;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour, and Erin’s pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE
WATERS MAY GLOW

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal resemblance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright
ray ;

The beams of a warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
 dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
 should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THE LEGACY

WHEN in death I shall calmly recline,
 Oh bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall ;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh ! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest ;
Never, oh ! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD

WE may roam through this world, like a child at a
feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the
nest ;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west ;

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at
home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watched after
all.
Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
Thro this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at
home.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD 15

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he looked when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS
OF OLD

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her ;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader,
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining ;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furled ?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love ?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above ?

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEAR-
ING YOUNG CHARMS

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,[↖]
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear ;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,^{cf. h. R.}
The same look which she turned when he rose,⁴⁸

ERIN, O ERIN

LIKE the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holyfane,
And burned thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frowned on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.

Erin, O Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchilled by the rain, and unwaked by the wind
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, O Erin, *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived thro' it shall blossom at last.

AFTER THE BATTLE

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings showed the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimmed, for ever crost—
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watched, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;—
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for
thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.
But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep ;
Till heav'n looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.
Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the
same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light
frame ;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been
known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when
away.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

OH ! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope my bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream :
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Tho' he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,

In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No,—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed ;
'Twas morning's wingéd dream ;
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream :
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
The sage's tongue hath warned in vain ;—
O Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name ;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruined Isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave ?

“'Twas fate,” they'll say, “ a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove ;
And while your tyrants joined in hate,
You never joined in love.
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had given ;
Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
Where others knelt to heaven !”

NORA CREINA

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom fises ;

Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes.
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—

Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh ! my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina !
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light,
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
“Here, at least,” he calmly said,
“Woman ne'er shall find my bed.”
Ah ! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue !
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh ;
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last ;
 Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
 Woman's smile can haunt him there.
 But nor earth nor heaven is free
 From her power, if fond she be :
 Even now, while calm he sleeps,
 Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had tracked his feet
 To this rocky, wild retreat ;
 And when morning met his view,
 Her mild glances met it too.
 Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts !
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And with rude repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave !
 Soon the Saint (yet ah ! too late,)
 Felt her love, and mourned her fate.
 When he said, " Heaven rest her soul !"
 Round the Lake light music stole ;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in
thine eye ;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the
regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come
to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in
the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure
to hear !
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on
the ear ;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad
orison rolls,
I think, oh my love ! 'tis thy voice from the
Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so
dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING

ONE bumper at parting !—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come,—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up ;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries " Onward ! " and spurs the gay hours—
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come,—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up ;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun looked in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright ;
 And now, let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light.
 You saw how he finished, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full liquid glory, like him.
 And oh ! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up,
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'TIS the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

IRISH MELODIES

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 " Land of song ! " said the warrior-bard,
 " Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee ! "

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

FAREWELL !—BUT WHENEVER YOU
WELCOME THE HOUR

FAREWELL !—but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own grief to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night ;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice had murmured, " I wish he were
here !"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been dis-
 tilled—

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illumed the whole volume, her Wellington's
 name.

“Hail, Star of my Isle!” said the Spirit, all spark-
 ling
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy
 skies—

“Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
For, though Heroes I've numbered, unblest was
their lot,
And unhallowed they sleep in the crossways of
Fame ;—
But oh ! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

“Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet
known :
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchain-
ing,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast
stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's,
name !”

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
 The light, that lies
 In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite,
 Whom maids by night
Oft met in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me
But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?

No, vain, alas ! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever ;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs
 from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
 Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best
 light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in
burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame?

AS SLOW OUR SHIP

AS slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us ;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting ;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD

FORGET not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave !

Oh ! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more ;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again !

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazoned in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THE PARALLEL

YES, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy withered-up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal
crown ;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone
down."

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold ;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that blessed them of
old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"
Her boldest are vanquished, her proudest are slaves ;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they
waken
Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over
graves !

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the
morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and
sorrow,
Was shivered at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden
City
Had brimmed full of bitterness, drenched her own
lips ;
And the world she had trampled on heard, without
pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came
over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

ECHO

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS 41

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again !

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends,
For all the long years I've been wandering away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day ?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then ?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long !
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng,
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the
sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced.
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through ;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once
more.

SING, SWEET HARP

SING, sweet Harp, oh ! sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise ;---
Some lay that tells of vanished fame,
Whose light once round us shone ;
Of noble pride, now turned to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me ;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
 Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
 Of voices long gone by ;—
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seemed
 The foremost then in fame ;
Of Bards who, once immortal deemed,
 Now sleep without a name.—
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
 Among thy chords doth sigh ;
In vain it seeks an echo there
 Of voices long gone by.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round
 Who once, in bower and hall,
Sat listening to thy magic sound,
 Now mute and mouldering all ;—
But, no ; they would but wake to weep
 Their children's slavery ;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
 The dead, at least, are free !—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
 That knell of Freedom's day ;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
 Let me, too, die away.

✓ SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—
 Sweet Son of Song ! thy course is o'er ;
 In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
 Her minstrel's voice responds no more ;—
 All silent as th' Eolian shell
 Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
 When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
 At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
 Awaked by music's spell, shall rise ;
 For, name so linked with deathless song
 Partakes its charm and never dies :
 And ev'n within the holy fane,
 When music wafts the soul to heaven,
 One thought to him, whose earliest strain
 Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
 The social night, when, by thy side,
 He, who now weaves this parting lay,
 His skillless voice with thine allied ;
 And sung those songs whose every tone,
 When bard and minstrel long have past,
 Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
 Embalmed by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrowed glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

✓ DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found
thee,

The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and
song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country; farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall
twine!

Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than
mine ;

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

NATIONAL AIRS

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

NATIONAL AIRS

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER

FLOW on, thou shining river ;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou findest she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there ;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

SO WARMLY WE MET

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell,—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion, which blessed our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—
Our joy and our sorrow seemed rivals in bliss ;
Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious,—
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet ;
The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.

Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a
sorrow

To think that such happiness could not remain ;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that
to-morrow

Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR
AWAY

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs ;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.
Like sun-set gleams, that linger late
When all is darkening fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
The brightest, and the last.

To gild the deepening gloom, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now.
Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell, are touched with light,
Then lost for evermore !

THOSE EVENING BELLS

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS

“WHERE are the visions that round me once hovered,
Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone ;
Looks fresh as light from a star just discovered,
And voices that Music might take for her own ?”

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh
where?"

And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There."

Fondly I looked, when the wizard had spoken,
And there, mid the dim shining ruins of day,
Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,
The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE

KEEP those eyes still purely mine
Tho' far off I be :
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turned on me.

Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breathed for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

SACRED SONGS

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even ;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright, but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day !
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm, but Heaven !

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes;
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chilled the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stained
it,

'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has un-
chained it,

To water that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow.
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was un-
known—

And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.

Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurled ;
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

MIRIAM'S SONG

“ And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.”—*Exod.* xv. 20.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 JEHOVAH has triumphed—his people are free.
 Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
 How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but
 spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 JEHOVAH has triumphed—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD !
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.--
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?

For the LORD hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
JEHOVAH has triumphed—his people are free!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK,
HEREAFTER

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the Spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourned for here?

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heaven, where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger
Pointing to th' eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas, alas—doth Hope deceive us?

Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh, if no other boon were given,

To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a Heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

II

EARLY POEMS, BALLADS, AND
SONGS



TO —

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain ;
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturbed my ideas again.

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins ;
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins.

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother !
Repose in the sunset of thee
Than bask in the noon of another.

TO —

WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute ;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
 Some witchery seems to await you ;
 To love you was pleasant enough,—
 And, oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you !

A REFLECTION AT SEA

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for awhile,—
 Then murmuring subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on time's eventful sea ;
 And, having swelled a moment there
 Thus melts into eternity !

CLORIS AND FANNY

CLORIS ! if I were Persia's king,
 I'd make my graceful queen of thee ;
 While FANNY, wild and artless thing,
 Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it—
 That, verily, I'm much afraid
 I should, in some unlucky minute,
 Forsake the mistress for the maid.

TO JULIA WEEPING

OH! if your tears are given to care,
 If real woe disturbs your peace,
 Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
 And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's visioned fears,
 With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
 You look so lovely in your tears,
 That I must bid you drop them still.

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL
MISS

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A
 LOTTERY SHARE

Impromptu

—Ego pars—

VIRG.

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
 Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
 But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,
 Should so long have remained in the wheel?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
 To me such a ticket should roll,
 A sixteenth, Heaven knows! were sufficient for me;
 For what could *I* do with the whole?

RONDEAU

"GOOD-NIGHT! good-night!"—And is it so?
 And must I from my Rosa go?
 O Rosa, say "Good-night!" once more,
 And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
 Till the first glance of dawning light
 Shall find us saying still "Good-night!"

And still "Good-night," my Rosa, say—
 But whisper still, "A minute stay";
 And I will stay, and every minute
 Shall have an age of transport in it;
 Till Time himself shall stay his flight,
 To listen to our sweet "Good-night."

"Good-night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,
 And tell me it is time to fly:
 And I will vow, will swear to go,
 While still that sweet voice murmurs "No!"
 Till slumber seal our weary sight—
 And then, my love, my soul, "Good-night!"

SONG

WHY does azure deck the sky ?

'Tis to be like thy looks of blue ;

Why is red the rose's dye ?

Because it is thy blushes' hue.

All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee.

Why is falling snow so white,

But to be like thy bosom fair ?

Why are solar beams so bright ?

That they may seem thy golden hair !

All that's bright, by Love's decree,

Has been made resembling thee !

Why are Nature's beauties felt ?

Oh ! 'tis thine in her we see !

Why has music power to melt ?

Oh ! because it speaks like thee.

All that's sweet, by Love's decree,

Has been made resembling thee !

A NIGHT THOUGHT

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,

Obscures yon bashful light,

Which seems so modestly to steal

Along the waste of night !

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
 Obscure, with malice keen,
 Some timid heart, which only longs
 To live and die unseen.

THE CATALOGUE

"COME, tell me," says Rosa, as kissing and
 kissed,

One day she reclined on my breast ;
 "Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
 Of the nymphs you have loved and caresst."
 O Rosa ! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
 My heart at the moment was free ;
 But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
 And the number shall finish with thee.

My tutor was Kitty ; in infancy wild
 She taught me the way to be blest ;
 She taught me to love her, I loved like a child,
 But Kitty could fancy the rest.
 This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
 I have never forgot, I allow :
 I have had it *by rote* very often before,
 But never *by heart* until now.

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance.
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laughed at her poor little knight ;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me
a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove ;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books
That she gave me more logic than love.
So I left this young Sappho, and hastened to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss.

Oh ! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given ;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to Heaven.
“ O Susan ! ” I've said, in the moments of mirth,
“ What's devotion to thee or to me ?
I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that that heaven's in *thee* ! ”

TO ROSA

LIKE one who trusts to summer skies,
 And puts his little bark to sea,
 Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
 Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
 And sadly may the bark be tossed ;
 For thou art sure to change thy mind,
 And then the wretched heart is lost !

TO PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS, you little rosy rake,
 That heart of yours I long to rifle :
 Come, give it me, and do not make
 So much ado about a *trifle* !

SONG

MARY, I believed thee true,
 And I was blest in thus believing ;
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew
 A girl so fair and so deceiving.
 Fare thee well.

Few have ever loved like me,—
Yes, I have loved thee too sincerely !
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas ! deceived me too severely.

Fare thee well !—yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee ;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well ! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
For see, distracting woman, see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken !
Fare thee well !

SONG

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear ;
While in these arms you lie,
This world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to cost that eye a tear,
That heart, one single sigh.

The world !—ah, Fanny, Love must shun
The paths where many rove ;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart to be his only-one,
Are quite enough for Love.

What can we wish, that is not here
 Between your arms and mine ?
 Is there, on earth, a space so dear
 As that within the happy sphere
 Two loving arms entwine ?

For me, there's not a lock of jet
 Adown your temples curled,
 Within whose glossy, tangling net,
 My soul doth not, at once, forget
 All, all this worthless world.

'Tis in those eyes, so full of love,
 My only worlds I see ;
 Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
 And earth below and skies above,
 May frown or smile for me.

TO CLOE

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL

I COULD resign that eye of blue
 Howe'er its splendour used to thrill me ;
 And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue,—
 To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
 However much I've raved about it ;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
 I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learned to fast,
 That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
 To—do without you altogether.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND

WHEN Love is kind,
 Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
 Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
 Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things—
 Love may go hang !

If Love can sigh
 For one alone,
Well pleased am I
 To be that one.

NATIONAL AIRS

But should I see
Love given to rove
To two or three,
Then—good-by, Love!

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care—
To Jericho.

TO

LADY HEATHCOTE

ON AN

OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS

"Tunnebridge est à la même distance de Londres, que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au tems des eaux. La compagnie," etc., etc.

See *Mémoires de Grammont*, Second Part, chap. iii.

Tunbridge Wells.

WHEN Grammont graced these happy springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever ruled these gay, gallant isles ;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walked,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talked,
And lovely Stewart smiled like you.

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because,—as yet, she knew no better.

Each night they held a coterie,
 Where, every fear to slumber charmed,
 Lovers were all they ought to be,
 And husbands not the least alarmed.

Then called they up their school-day pranks,
 Nor thought it much their sense beneath
 To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
 And lords showed wit, and ladies teeth.

As—"Why are husbands like the mint?"
 Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
 Is but to set the name and print
 That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a rose in nettles hid
 "Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
 Because 'tis sighing to be rid
 Of *weeds*, that "have no business there!"

And thus they missed and thus they hit,
 And now they struck and now they parried;
 And some laid in of full grown wit,
 While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
 That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
 For breaking grave conundrum-rites,
 Or punning ill, or—some such thing:—

From whence it can be fairly traced,
Through many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it graced
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then, to you,
O Tunbridge! and your springs *ironical*,
I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue
To dedicate the important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's loves in Heathcote live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers.

Let no pedantic fools be there ;
For ever be those fops abolished,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, Heaven knows ! not half so polished.

But still receive the young, the gay,
The few who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night.

TO NEA

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground.

If I were yonder conch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embraced.

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee
To scent the most imploring air.

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that odorous sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
So pictured in the waters seem,
That I could gladly plunge to seek
Thy image in the glassy stream.

Blest fate ! at once my chilly grave
 And nuptial bed that stream might be ;
 I'll wed thee in its mimic wave,
 And die upon the shade of thee.

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
 O'er the waters blue and bright,
 Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
 Shadow to her eyes of light.

O, my beloved ! where'er I turn,
 Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes ;
 In every star thy glances burn ;
 Thy blush on every floweret lies.

Nor find I in creation aught
 Of bright, or beautiful, or rare,
 Sweet to the sense, or pure to thought,
 But thou art found reflected there.

— λιβανοτῶ ἐκάσεν, ὅτι ἀπολλύμενον εὐφραίνει.
 ARISTOT. *Rhetor.* lib. iii. cap. 4.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine,
 My soul hath e'er forgot ;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
 Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
 From that beguiling tongue,
 Which did not, with a lingering spell,
 Upon my charmed senses dwell,
 Like songs from Eden sung.

Ah ! that I could, at once, forget
 All, all that haunts me so—
 And yet, thou witching girl,—and yet,
 To die were sweeter than to let
 The loved remembrance go.

No ; if this slighted heart must see
 Its faithful pulse decay,
 Oh let it die, remembering thee,
 And, like the burnt aroma, be
 Consumed in sweets away.

SONG

(FROM "THE SUMMER FÊTE")

ARRAY thee, love, array thee, love,
 In all thy best array thee ;
 The sun's below—the moon's above—
 And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee ;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but *one* so bright.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wondering eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way !

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
 Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
 And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
 Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

TRIO

(FROM "THE SUMMER FÊTE")

OUR home is on the sea, boy,
 Our home is on the sea ;
 When Nature gave
 The ocean-wave,
 She marked it for the Free.
 Whatever storms befall, boy,
 Whatever storms befall,
 The island bark
 Is Freedom's ark,
 And floats her safe through all.

Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
 Behold yon sea of isles,
 Where every shore
 Is sparkling o'er
 With Beauty's richest smiles.

SONG

81

For us hath Freedom claimed, boy,
For us hath Freedom claimed
Those ocean-nests
Where Valour rests
His eagle wing untamed.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
While Grecian hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his Crescent there?
No—by our fathers, no, boy,
No, by the Cross we show—
From Maina's rills
To Thracia's hills
All Greece re-echoes "No!"

SONG

(FROM "THE SUMMER FÊTE")

OH, where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;

And this fond heart is glowing
 To welcome thee home,
 And the night is fast going,
 But thou art not come :
 No, thou comest not !

'Tis the time when night-flowers
 Should wake from their rest ;
 'Tis the hour of all hours,
 When the lute singeth best.
 But the flowers are half sleeping
 Till *thy* glance they see ;
 And the hushed lute is keeping
 Its music for thee.
 Yet, thou comest not !

SONG

(FROM "EVENINGS IN GREECE")

WHEN the Balaika
 Is heard o'er the sea,
 I'll dance the Romaika
 By moonlight with thee.
 If waves then, advancing,
 Should steal on our play,
 Thy white feet, in dancing,
 Shall chase them away.

When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

Then, at the closing
Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
Beneath the night ray!
Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how featly
The dance we'll renew,
Treading so fleetly
Its light mazes through:
Till stars, looking o'er us
From heaven's high bowers,
Would change their bright chorus
For one dance of ours.
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

SONG

(FROM "EVENINGS IN GREECE")

"WHO comes so gracefully
Gliding along,
While the blue rivulet
Sleeps to her song ;
Song, richly vying
With the faint sighing
Which swans, in dying,
Sweetly prolong ?"

So sung the shepherd-boy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
That Siren, singing
To the hushed tide.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy,
"Fairy-boat, stay,
Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
Linger, a day."
But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,

Song and boat, speeding,
 Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
 Joy and hope shone ;
 So, while we gazed on them,
 Fast they flew on ;—
 Like flowers, declining
 Ev'n in the twining,
 One moment shining,
 And, the next, gone !

SONG

(FROM "EVENINGS IN GREECE")

MARCH ! nor heed those arms that hold thee.
 Though so fondly close they come ;
 Closer still will they enfold thee,
 When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
 Dost thou dote on woman's brow ?
 Dost thou live but in her breath ?
 March !—one hour of victory now
 Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
 Beauty's long-missed smile to meet,
 And, when wreaths our temples cover,
 Lay them shining at her feet !

Who would not, that hour to reach,
 Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
 Proud as waves that on the beach
 Lay their war-crests down, and die ?

There ! I see thy soul is burning—
 She herself, who clasps thee so,
 Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
 And, while clasping, bids thee go.
 One deep sigh, to passion given,
 One last glowing tear and then—
 March !—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
 Brings thee to those arms again.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
 As if 'twould linger there for ever ;
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,
 Yet still look down, and venture never ;
 When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
 There's one we dream of more than any—
 If all this is not real love,
 'Tis something wondrous like it, Fanny !

To think and ponder, when apart,
 On all we've got to say at meeting ;

And yet when near, with heart to heart,
 Sit mute, and listen to their beating :
 To see but one bright object move,
 The only moon, where stars are many—
 If all this is not downright love,
 I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny !

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
 Though Reason on the darkest reckons ;
 When Passion drives us to the west,
 Though Prudence to the eastward beckons ;
 When all turns round, below, above,
 And our own heads the most of any—
 If this is not stark, staring love,
 Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES

THE brilliant black eye
 May in triumph let fly
 All its darts without caring who feels 'em ;
 But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleased when it heals 'em—
 Dear Fanny !
 But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
 "Come and worship my ray—
 "By adoring, perhaps, you may move me!"
 But the blue eye, half hid,
 Says, from under its lid,
 "I love, and am yours, if you love me!"
 Yes, Fanny!
 The blue eye, half hid,
 Says, from under its lid,
 "I love, and am yours, if you love me!"

Come tell me, then, why,
 In that lovely blue eye,
 Not a charm of its tint I discover;
 Oh why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said "No" to a lover?
 Dear Fanny!
 Oh, why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said "No" to a lover?

PEACE, PEACE TO HIM THAT'S GONE!

WHEN I am dead
 Then lay my head
 In some lone, distant dell,

Where voices ne'er
Shall stir the air,
Or break its silent spell.

If any sound
Be heard around,
Let the sweet bird alone,
That weeps in song,
Sing all night long,
“Peace, peace, to him that's gone !”

Yet, oh, were mine
One sigh of thine,
One pitying word from thee,
Like gleams of heaven,
To sinners given,
Would be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,
My shade would rest
While listening to that tone ;—
Enough 'twould be
To hear from thee,
“Peace, peace, to him that's gone !”

BEAUTY AND SONG

DOWN in yon summer vale,
 Where the rill flows,
 Thus said a Nightingale
 To his loved Rose :—
 “ Though rich the pleasures
 Of song’s sweet measures,
 Vain were its melody,
 Rose, without thee.”

Then from the green recess
 Of her night-bower,
 Beaming with bashfulness,
 Spoke the bright flower :—
 “ Though morn should lend her
 Its sunniest splendour,
 What would the Rose be,
 Unsung by thee ? ”

Thus still let Song attend
 Woman’s bright way ;
 Thus still let woman lend
 Light to the lay.
 Like stars, through heaven’s sea,
 Floating in harmony,
 Beauty shall glide along,
 Circled by Song.

IF THOU WOULDST HAVE ME SING
AND PLAY

IF thou wouldst have me sing and play,
 As once I played and sung,
 First take this time-worn lute away,
 And bring one freshly strung.
 Call back the time when pleasure's sigh
 First breathed among the strings ;
 And Time himself, in fitting by,
 Made music with his wings.

But how is this ? though new the lute,
 And shining fresh the chords,
 Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
 Or speak but dreamy words.
 In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
 Within that once sweet shell,
 Which told so warmly what it felt,
 And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,
 From lyre so coldly strung ;
 With this I ne'er can sing or play,
 As once I played and sung.
 No, bring that long-loved lute again,—
 Though chilled by years it be,
 If *thou* wilt call the slumbering strain,
 'Twill wake again for thee.

Though time have frozen the tuneful stream
 Of thoughts that gushed along,
 One look from thee, like summer's beam,
 Will thaw them into song.
 Then give, oh give, that wakening ray,
 And once more blithe and young,
 Thy bard again will sing and play,
 As once he played and sung.

UNBIND THEE, LOVE

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
 From those dark ties unbind thee ;
 Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,
 Too long its links have twined thee.
 Away from earth !—thy wings were made
 In yon mid-sky to hover,
 With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
 And heaven all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
 Too long thy soul is sleeping ;
 And thou may'st from this minute's joy
 Wake to eternal weeping.

Oh, think, this world is not for thee ;
 Though hard its links to sever ;
 Though sweet and bright and dear they be,
 Break, or thou'rt lost for ever.

SONG

(FROM "THE EPICUREAN")

DRINK of this cup—Osiris sips
 The same in his halls below ;
 And the same he gives, to cool the lips
 Of the Dead who downward go.

Drink of this cup—the water within
 Is fresh from Lethe's stream ;
 'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
 And all its pain and sorrows, seem
 Like a long-forgotten dream !

The pleasure, whose charms
 Are steeped in woe ;
 The knowledge, that harms
 The soul to know ;

The hope, that, bright
 As the lake of the waste,
 Allures the sight,
 But mocks the taste ;

The love, that binds
 Its innocent wreath,
 Where the serpent winds,
 In venom, beneath ;—

All that, of evil or false, by thee
 Hath ever been known or seen,
 Shall melt away in this cup, and be
 Forgotten, as it never had been !

Drink of this cup—when Isis led
 Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,
 She mingled a draught divine, and said—
 “ Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die ! ”

Thus do I say and sing to thee,
 Heir of that boundless heaven on high,
 Though frail, and fallen, and lost thou be,
 Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die !

And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
 Dreams of a former, happier day,
 When Heaven was still the Spirit’s home,
 And her wings had not yet fallen away ;

Glimpses of glory, ne’er forgot,
 That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
 What once hath been, what now is not,
 But, oh ! what again shall brightly be.

THE EVENING GUN

REMEMBEREST thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
Boom!—the sounds appeared to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till, into realms beyond the deep,
They seemed to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that evening gun,
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Boom!—and while, o'er billows curled,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish, from this rough world
Like them, to die away.

POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA

A BALLAD: THE LAKE OF THE
DISMAL SWAMP

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA

“They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.”—*Anon.*

“La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature.”—D’ALEMBERT.

“THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true ;
And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

“And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
 And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
 Long and loving our life shall be,
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
 When the footstep of death is near. ’

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
 His path was rugged and sore,
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
 And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
 If slumber his eyelids knew,
 He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
 Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
 The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
 And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
 “Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
 And the white canoe of my dear ?”

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
 Quick over its surface played—
 “Welcome,” he said, “my dear one's light !”
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
 The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore ;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe !

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly ;
Or when light breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky ;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy ! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
 Right from the point we wish to steer ;
 When by the wind close-hauled we go,
 And strive in vain the port to near ;
 I think 'tis thus the fates defer
 My bliss with one that's far away,
 And while remembrance springs to her,
 I watch the sails and sighing say,
 Thus, my boy ! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
 All hands are up the yards to square,
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and air.
 Oh ! then I think that yet for me
 Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
 Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee—
 And in that hope I smiling sing,
 Steady, boy ! so.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR
 FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER

Già era in loco ove s' udia 'l rimbombo
 Dell' acqua —.

DANTE.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun,
 I've seen the mighty Mohawk run ;

U·O·N

And as I marked the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass ;
And as I viewed the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frowned and flowers that smiled,
Flying by every green recess
That wooed him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind,—
Oft have I thought, and thinking sighed,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim ;
Through what alternate wastes of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go ;
How many a sheltered, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest ;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I feel the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.



One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take ;—
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine !
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee !

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

INDIAN CHANT

FROM the land beyond the sea,
Whither happy spirits flee ;
Where, transformed to sacred doves,
Many a blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing, as white
As those wondrous stones of light,
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apalachian mounts,—
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air.

Then, when I have strayed a while
Through the Manataulin isle,
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift I mount me on the plume
Of my Wakon-Bird, and fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water-snake,

Wrapt within the web of leaves,
Which the water-lily weaves.
Next I chase the floweret-king
Through his rosy realm of spring ;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink ;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted, in his downy nest,
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes,
When the gray moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears.
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feathered round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Sparkling as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,—
Virgins, who have wandered young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest !

THE INDIAN BOAT

'Twas midnight dark,
The seaman's bark,
Swift o'er the waters bore him,
When, through the night,
He spied a light
Shoot o'er the wave before him.
"A sail! a sail!" he cries;
"She comes from the Indian shore,
And to-night shall be our prize,
With her freight of golden ore:
Sail on! sail on!"
When morning shone
He saw the gold still clearer;
But, though so fast
The waves he passed,
That boat seemed never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated;
While on the prize
His wishful eyes
Like any young lover's doated:
"More sail! more sail!" he cries,
While the waves o'ertop the mast;

And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast,
Thus on, and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon through heaven did hie her,
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seemed never the nigher.

And many a day
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded :
While still his flight,
Through day and night,
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows—who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er ?
Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark, before !
For, oh, till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

III

LALLA ROOKH

AND

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN

THE HAREM

BETWEEN the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Harem's curtained galleries rise,
Where through the silken network, glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
To hint that aught but Heaven hath placed you there?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
No—wrongful thought!—commissioned from above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise,)
There to recline among Heaven's native maids,
And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades—
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;

And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at BRAHMA'S burning founts,
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN'S mounts;
From PERSIA'S eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY ;
And GEORGIA'S bloom, and AZAB'S darker smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles ;
All, all are there ;—each Land its flower hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven !

THE TOILETTE

Now, through the Harem chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites ;—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skilled to wreath the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
Like SEBA'S Queen could vanquish with that one :—
While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream :
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,

Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud
to cull

From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

All is in motion ; rings and plumes and pearls

Are shining everywhere :—some younger girls

Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,

To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ;—

Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to
see

How each prefers a garland from that tree

Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day

And the dear fields and friendships far away.

The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold

In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,

Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES flood,

Her little playmates scattered many a bud

Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam

Just dripping from the consecrated stream ;

While the young Arab, haunted by the smell

Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—

The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree

Which bows to all who seek its canopy,

Sees, called up round her by these magic scents,

The well, the camels, and her father's tents ;

Sighs for the home she left with little pain,

And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again !

AZIM'S TEMPTATION

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
Young AZIM roams bewildered,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,
Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;
And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
The bowers of TIBET, send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode :—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as
noon ;

Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as th' enamelled cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers :
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
 Of woman's love in those fair, living things
 Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage
 thrown

For their weak loveliness—is like her own !
 On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;—
 While, on the other, latticed lightly in
 With odoriferous woods of COMORIN,
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;—
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
 Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ;—
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
 About the gardens drunk, with that sweet food
 Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer
 flood ;

And those that under Araby's soft sun
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;
 In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,
 More like the luxuries of that impious King,
 Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,
 Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's porch,
 Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
 Armed with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchise-
 ment—

Young AZIM wandered, looking sternly round,
 His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
 But ill according with the pomp and grace
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER'S stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day
 long;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
 dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDE-
 MEER?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly
 they shone,
 And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was
 gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDEMEER !

SONG

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
 Is burning now through earth and air ;
 Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
 Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
 And his floating eyes—oh ! *they* resemble
 Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
 Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !
 Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss !
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night ;

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky ;

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part ;

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh, could it last,
This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, entrancing Power !
Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as
this.

ZELICA'S FAREWELL

“Oh! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he tossed
His desperate hand towards Heaven—“though I am
lost,

Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,
No, no—’twas grief, ’twas madness did it all!
Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath
ceased—

I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
That every spark of reason’s light must be
Quenched in this brain, ere I could stray from thee.
They told me thou wert dead—why, AZIM, why
Did we not, both of us, that instant die
When we were parted? oh! couldst thou but know
With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o’er and o’er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.
Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
My eyes still turned the way thou wert to come,
And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
O God! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,
When every hope was all at once o’ercast,

When I heard frightful voices round me say
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
All wild—and even this quenchless love within
Turned to foul fires to light me into sin!—
Thou pitiest me—I knew thou would'st—that sky
Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
The fiend, who lured me hither—hist! come near,
Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
Told me such things—oh! with such devilish art,
As would have ruined ev'n a holier heart—
Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
Where blessed at length, if I but served *him* here,
I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.
Think, think how lost, how maddened I must be,
To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh, that I durst
Kiss off that tear! but, no—these lips are curst,
They must not touch thee;—one divine caress,
One blessed moment of forgetfulness
I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die;
The last of joy's last relics here below,
The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
My heart has treasured from affection's spring,
To soothe and cool its deadly withering!

But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go ;
 This place is not for thee—for thee ! oh no :
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again !
 Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts, once
 good,
 Now tainted, chilled, and broken, are his food.—
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
 As hell from heaven, to all eternity ! ”

THE CALIPH'S HOST

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display
 Such pomp before ;—not ev'n when on his way
 To MECCA'S Temple, when both land and sea
 Were spoiled to feed the Pilgrim's luxury ;
 When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw
 Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
 And cooled his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
 Of MECCA'S sun, with urns of Persian snow ;—
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.

First, in the van, the People of the Rock,
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock :
Then, chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry ;—
Men, from the regions near the VOLGA'S mouth,
Mixed with the rude, black archers of the South ;
And Indian lancers, in white-turbaned ranks,
From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK'S sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,
And many a mace-armed Moor and Mid-sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wronged,
Round the white standard of the impostor thronged.
Beside his thousands of Believers—blind,
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind—
Many who felt, and more who feared to feel
The bloody Islamite's converting steel
Flocked to his banner ;—Chiefs of th' UZBEK race,
Waving their heron crests with martial grace ;
TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth
From th' aromatic pastures of the North ;
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,—and those
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of HINDOO KOSH, in stormy freedom bred,
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
But none, of all who owned the Chief's command,

Rushed to that battle-field with bolder hand,
 Or sterner hate, than IRAN'S outlawed men,
 Her Worshippers of Fire—all panting then
 For vengeance on the accursed Saracen ;
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurned,
 Her throne usurped, and her bright shrines o'eturned.
 From YEZD'S eternal Mansion of the Fire,
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heaven expire :
 From BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame
 That burn into the CASPIAN, fierce they came,
 Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
 So vengeance triumphed, and their tyrants bled.

THE BATTLE

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
 And risen again, and found them grappling yet ;
 While streams of carnage in his noontide blaze,
 Smoke up to Heaven—hot as that crimson haze
 By which the prostrate Caravan is awed,
 In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad.
 “On, swords of God !” the panting CALIPH calls,—
 “Thrones for the living — Heaven for him who
 falls !” —
 “On, brave avengers, on,” MOKANNA cries,
 “And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies !”
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—

They clash—they strive—the CALIPH'S troops give way!

MOKANNA'S self plucks the black Banner down,
And now the Orient World's Imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!
Some hand hath checked the flying Moslem's rout;
And now they turn, they rally—at their head
A warrior (like those angel youths who led,
In glorious panoply of Heaven's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through BEDER'S vale,)
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuer's blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back—
While hope and courage kindle in his track;
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas through which victory breaks!
In vain MOKANNA, midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy.
The panic spreads—"A miracle!" throughout
The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,
All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;

And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the load-star, following him !

Right towards MOKANNA now he cleaves his
path,
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
He bears from Heaven withheld its awful burst
From weaker heads, and souls but half way curst,
To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst !
But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,
Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
MOKANNA'S soul would have defied them all ;
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along :
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
Of flying thousands—he is borne away ;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,
In this forced flight, is—murdering as he goes !
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprises in some parched ravine at night,
Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

MOKANNA'S FEAST

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
Had followed the long shouts, the wild applause,
That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
Where the Veiled demon held his feast accurst
When Zelica—alas, poor ruined heart,
In every horror doomed to bear its part !—
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compassed him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet !
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage that her own dark doom was near,
Roused every feeling, and brought Reason back
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
All round seemed tranquil—ev'n the foe had ceased,
As if aware of the demoniac feast,
His fiery bolts ; and though the heavens looked red,
'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
But hark—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone !
'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
A long death-groan comes with it :—can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry ?
She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight
Was there before her ! By the glimmering light

Of the pale dawn, mixed with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropped from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaffed
All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swoll'n heads sunk blackening on their
breasts,

Or looking pale to Heaven with glassy glare,
As if they sought, but saw no mercy there ;
As if they felt, though poison racked them through,
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two !
While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by his side,
Here mute and helpless gasped ;—but, as they died,
Looked horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
And clenched the slackening hand at him in vain.

PARADISE AND THE PERI

THE PERI'S SOLILOQUY

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
And as she listened to the Springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

“ How happy,” exclaimed this child of air,
“ Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
 Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all !

“ Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall ;
Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet—oh, ’tis only the Blest can say
 How the waters of Heaven outshine them all !

“ Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall :
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all ! ”

MAHMOUD OF GHIZNI

While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks, and amber beds ;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise !

But crimson now her rivers ran
 With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
 Land of the Sun! what foot invades
 Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades—
 Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
 Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
 'Tis He of GAZNA—fierce in wrath
 He comes, and INDIA'S diadems
 Lie scattered in his ruinous path.—
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved Sultana ;
 Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
 And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

THE HOUR OF DEATH

“ Poor race of men ! ” said the pitying Spirit,
 “ Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
 Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all ! ”

She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran ;
For there's a magic in each tear,
 Such kindly Spirits weep for man !
Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stolen to die alone.
One who in life where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many ;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any !
None to watch near him—none to slake
 That fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard ;—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

A SYRIAN NIGHT

Now, upon SYRIA'S land of roses
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON ;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below !
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls ;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light ;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm West,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made

Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of PERISTAN.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.

THE LOVE SONG OF FERAMORZ

Tell me not of joys above,
 If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
 Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes ;—
 Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
 Wound like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,
 All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,
 Risk the fatal dream again ?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they ?

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS

MOONLIGHT

'TIS moonlight over OMAN'S SEA ;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beautifully,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in HARMOZIA'S walls,
And through her EMIR'S porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ;—
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest.
All hushed—there's not a breeze in motion ;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirred nor wave is driven ;—
The wind-tower on the EMIR'S dome
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

AL HASSAN'S DAUGHTER

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer-eves, through YEMEN'S dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils ;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear;
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
Who, lulled in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In ARABY'S gay Harem smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before AL HASSAN'S blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abashed away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze ;—
Yet filled with all youth's sweet desires
Mingling the meek and vestal fires

Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this :
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

✓ THE GHEBER'S AVOWAL

“ Hold, hold—thy words are death—”
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and showed beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.—
“ Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me !
Yes—I am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven :
Yes—I am of the outcast few,
To IRAN and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,

And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains, or die !
Thy bigot sire,—nay, tremble not,—
 He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
With me is sacred as the spot
 From which our fires of worship rise !
But know—'twas he I sought that night,
 When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
 And up the rude rocks desperately
Rushed to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
I climbed the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within ;—
Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
If Love hath made one thought his own,
That Vengeance claims first—last—alone !
Oh ! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart ev'n now forget
How linked, how blessed we might have been,
Had fate not frowned so dark between !
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
 In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood played,
 At the same kindling altar knelt,—
Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
In which the charm of Country lies,
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
Till IRAN'S cause and thine were one ;

While in thy lute's awakening sigh
I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw, in every smile of thine,
Returning hours of glory shine ;—
While the wronged Spirit of our Land
Lived, looked, and spoke her wrongs through
thee,—

God ! who could then this sword withstand ?

Its very flash were victory !

But now—estranged, divorced for ever,
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever ;
Our only ties what love has wove,—
In faith, friends, country, sundered wide ;
And then, then only, true to love,

When false to all that's dear beside !

Thy father IRAN'S deadliest foe—

Thyself, perhaps, even now—but no—

Hate never looked so lovely yet !

No—sacred to thy soul will be

The land of him who could forget

All but that bleeding land for thee.

When other eyes shall see, unmoved,

Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,

Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,

And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all !”

MORN IN THE EAST

The morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
Revealing BAHREIN'S groves of palm,
And lighting KISHMA'S amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,
While breezes from the Indian Sea
Blow round SELAMA'S sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they passed,
Had toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign.

A PERSIAN PATRIOT

Such were the tales, that won belief,
And such the colouring Fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes and altars free,
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty !
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names, that have sanctified their blood ;
As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny ;
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
'Though framed for IRAN'S happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears !—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bowed

Before the Moslem, as he passed,
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
 No—far he fled—indignant fled

The pageant of his country's shame ;
 While every tear her children shed

Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;
 And, as a lover hails the dawn

Of a first smile, so welcomed he
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn

For vengeance and for liberty !

THE GHEBER'S STRONGHOLD

There stood—but one short league away
 From old HARMOZIA'S sultry bay—

A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea

Of OMAN beetling awfully ;

A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink

Down winding to the Green Sea beach.

Around its base the bare rocks stood,

Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the Gulf across ;

While, on its peak, that braved the sky,

A ruined Temple towered, so high

That oft the sleeping albatross

Struck the wild ruins with her wing,

And from her cloud-rocked slumbering
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air !
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dashed, like midnight revellers, in ;—
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns rolled,—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprisoned there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seemed above the grasp of Time,
Were severed from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between :
It seemed a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came,
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprisoned flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.

For each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;
And, though for ever past the day
When God was worshipped in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on,
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

THE TRAITOR'S CURSE

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might !
May Life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips !
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parched desert thirsting die,—

While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted !
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
 Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell !

CALM AFTER STORM

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn !—
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them !

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs :
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;
And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when HINDA woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wildered still—is this the bark,
The same, that from HARMOZIA'S bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracked?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
 Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,—

No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she looked around—there lay
A group of warriors in the sun,
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie ;
And some, who seemed but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagged around the mast.

AN EASTERN EVENTIDE

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,

And a moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent, whose last,
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
 And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
 Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven !

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
 Had rushed through KERMAN'S almond groves,
 And shaken from her bowers of date
 That cooling feast the traveller loves,
 Now, lulled to languor, scarcely curl
 The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
 Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
 Were melted all to form the stream :
 And her fair islets, small and bright,
 With their green shores reflected there,
 Look like those PERI isles of light,
 That hang by spell-work in the air.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER

Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY'S daughter !
 (Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)
 No pearl ever lay, under OMAN'S green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music, and withered its frame!

But long, upon ARABY'S green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her Hero! forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosier stems at thy head ;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that
mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this
wave.

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM

THE VALE OF CASHMERE

WHO has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming
half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swing-
ing,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is
ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people
 meet.—

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
 Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
 From his Harem of night-flowers stealing away ;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
 The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world !

NAMOUNA, THE ENCHANTRESS

Hence is it, too, that NOURMAHAL,
 Amid the luxuries of this hour
 Far from the joyous festival,
 Sits in her own sequestered bower,
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,
 But that inspired and wondrous maid,

NAMOUNA, the Enchantress ;—one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremembered years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather,—as the west wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,—
Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of NAMOUNA'S birth !

All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra, which around
The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
To the gold gems of AFRIC, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's harm.
And she had pledged her powerful art,—
Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,—
To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's smile to NOURMAHAL !

NAMOUNA'S SONG

I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play ;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The dream of a future, happier hour,
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks, when plucked at night !
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

THE GEORGIAN'S SONG

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequalled in bliss ;
And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just oped by a bee ;
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallowed by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their
sphere,
Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
And, blessed with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss ?
For, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around,
That all stood hushed and wondering,
And turned and looked into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing,
Of ISRAFIL, the Angel, there ;—

So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charmed lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together :—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
And, oh ! if there *be* an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS

“TWAS in a land, that far away
 Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
 Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
 And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—
 Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!—
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veiled from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook ;
 Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
 More spirit-like, as they might seem
 Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

Pausing in wonder I looked on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She moved in light of her own making.
At length, as from that airy height
I gently lowered my breathless flight,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reached the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seemed as if each thought, and look,
And motion were that minute chained
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturned—so still remained!

In pity to the wondering maid
Though loth from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burning
Of glances, which—I well could feel—
For me, for her, too warmly shone;

But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
 One sidelong look, the maid was gone—
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
 Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
 The Moon into his dusky arms.
'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism that, from that hour
Passion held o'er me. Day and night
 I sought around each neighbouring spot ;
And, in the chase of this sweet light,
 My task, and heaven, and all forgot,—
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
 I found myself, whole happy days,
Listening to words, whose music vied
 With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warmed by love,
But, wanting *that*, far, far above !—
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven, more worshipped than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me ?

Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blesséd, while she breathed it too ;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
 Beloved, and consecrated spot
Where LEA *was*—the other, all
 The dull, wide waste, where she *was not!*

LOVE, RELIGION, AND MUSIC

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
 Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he loved steal o'er
 The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay ;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
 There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
 Into Elysium rolled away !
Of God she sung, and of the mild
 Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled,
 Ready, with her white hand, to guide

His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fixed
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mixed!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,
That the charmed Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet th' expiring waves
Flung their last offering with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hushed,

As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gushed,
She raised, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seemed rather given
To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes, as may have looked *from* heaven,
But ne'er were raised to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranced Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

CONSOLATIONS

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Poured mutually from soul to soul ;
As free from any fear or doubt
 As is that light from chill or stain
The sun into the stars sheds out,
 To be by them shed back again !—
That happy minglement of hearts,
 Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
 To find a new one, happier far !
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
 That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
 Their spirits shall, with freshened power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
 In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
 From their emancipated wings,

Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies !

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills—
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace
Is not of earth, but from above—
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to th' other thrown
Is heaven's reflection, not her own—

Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see ;
And call young lovers round, to view
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
Their pathway towards eternity.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS
POEMS

1875

1876

FROM "THE SCEPTIC"

AS the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose,
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows ;
As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides ;
So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare
That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies :
For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here ;
And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome
Would rank good Marco with the damned at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so base,
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace ;
No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem.
Ask, who is wise ?—you'll find the self-same man
A sage in France, a madman in Japan ;



And *here* some head beneath a mitre swells,
 Which *there* had tingled to a cap and bells :
 Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,
 Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,
 Where C—stl—r—gh would for a patriot pass,
 And mouthing M——ve scarce be deemed an ass !

THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG

LETTER II

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S
 L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
 Into your very learned Book,
 Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
 Whose English is half modern Greek—
 You prove that we can ne'er intrench
 Our happy isles against the French,
 Till Royalty in England's made
 A much more independent trade ;—
 In short, until the House of Guelph
 Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
 And boldly sets up for itself.



All, that can well be understood
In this said Book, is vastly good ;
And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But, to your work's immortal credit,
The Pr—n—e, good Sir, the Pr—n—e has read it
(The only Book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's).
Last levée-morn he looked it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announced by trump and drum,
The best-wigged Pr—n—e in Christendom.

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They ev'n must have a King and Co.,
And hence, most eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Far more royal, loyal era ;

When England's monarch need but say,
 "Whip me those scoundrels, C—stl—r—gh!"
 Or, "Hang me up those Papists, Eld—n,"
 And 'twill be done—ay faith and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
 To beg, Sir, from your travelled hand,
 (Round which the foreign graces swarm)
 A Plan of radical Reform;
 Compiled and chosen as best you can,
 In Turkey or at Ispahan,
 And quite upturning, branch and root,
 Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot.

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
 Somewhat more brief than Major C—rtwr—ght:
 Else, though the Pr——e be long in rigging,
 'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wiggling,—
 Two wigs to every paragraph—
 Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
 As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
 His Highness, heated by your work,
 Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
 And you'd have laughed, had you seen how
 He scared the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,
 When (on his Lordship's entering puffed) he
 Slapped his back and called him Mufti!"

The tailors too have got commands,
 To put directly into hands
 All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
 With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
 (While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan
 Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)
 And all things fitting and expedient
 To *turkify* our gracious R—g—nt!

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
 So, send your System.— Yours, in haste.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN

Wednesday.

THROUGH Manchester Square took a canter just
 now—

Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
 This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
 But got such a look—oh 'twas black as the devil!
 How unlucky!—*incog.* he was travelling about,
 And I like a noodle, must go find him out.

Mem.—when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
 To remember there *is* nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levée to-day made another sad blunder—
 What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
 The Prince was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
 He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—
 “Fine weather,” says he—to which I, who *must*
 prate,

Answered, “Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather of late.”
 He took it, I fear, for he looked somewhat gruff,
 And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
 That before all the courtiers I feared they’d come off,
 And then, Lord, how Geramb would triumphantly
 scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son Dicky some unguent or lotion
 To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion!

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
 Given by Lady Castlereagh.
 My Lord loves music, and, we know,
 Has “two strings always to his bow.”
 In choosing songs, the Regent named
 “*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*”
 While gentle Hertford begged and prayed
 For “*Young I am, and sore afraid.*”

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
 That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
 And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
 In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID
 ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S FÊTE

“I WANT the Court Guide,” said my lady, “to look
 If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30, or 20.”—
 “We’ve lost the *Court Guide*, Ma’am, but here’s *the*
Red Book,
 Where you’ll find, I dare say, Seymour *Places* in
 plenty!”

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL

A BALLAD

*To the tune of "There was a little man, and he wou'd a
little maid."*

DEDICATED TO THE RT. HON. CH—RL—S ABB—T

Arcades ambo
Et *cant*-are pares.

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
Whether it's within our reach
To make up a little Speech,
Just between little you and little I, I, I,
Just between little you and little I!"—

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
But, if it's not uncivil,
Pray tell me what the devil
Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man looked big
With th' assistance of his wig,
And he called his little Soul to order, order, order,

Till she feared he'd make her jog in
 To gaol, like Thomas Croggan,
 (As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward
 her, ward her,
 As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
 "Little Soul, it is no joke,
 For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a sup, sup, sup,
 I will tell the Prince and People
 What I think of Church and Steeple,
 And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
 And my little patent plan to prop them up.'

Away then, cheek by jowl,
 Little man and little Soul
 Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle,
 tittle,
 And the world all declare
 That this priggish little pair
 Never yet in all their lives looked so little, little, little,
 Never yet in all their lives looked so little !

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD
WELLINGTON

Suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates
Hos cape fatorum comites.—VIRGIL.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why should
we not,
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to
him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare;
And, though they've been helping the French for
years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.
C—stl—r—gh in our sieges might save some
disgraces,
Being used to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places*;
And Volunteer C—nn—g, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*.
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H—df—t at *horn-works* again might be tried,
And the Ch—f J—st—e make a *bold charge* at his
side:
While V—ns—tt—t could victual the troops *upon tick*,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON 177

Nay, I do not see why the great R—g—t himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the
shelf :

Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en masse* ?
And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might
prove,

Like our Spanish confederates, "unable to move,"
Yet there's *one* thing in war of advantage unbounded,
Which is, that he could not with ease be *surrounded*.

In my next I shall sing of their arms and equip-
ment ;
At present no more, but—good luck to the shipment !

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS
DOROTHY —, OF CLONKILTY, IN
IRELAND

AMIENS.

DEAR Doll, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,
The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line—only think!—
A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,
How delightful! though, would you believe it, my
dear?

I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here ;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home ;
And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might *just* as well be at Clonkilty with you !
In vain, at DESSEIN'S, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The
Monk" ;

In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
 And remember the crust and the wallet—alas !
 No monks can be had now for love or for money,
 (All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONEY ;)
 And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
 Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive !

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa *had* a touch
 Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
 At the sight of that spot, where our darling DIXHUIT
 Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,
 (Modelled out so exactly, and—God bless the mark !
 'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand a Monarque*),
 He exclaimed, “ Oh, mon Roi ! ” and, with tear-
 dropping eye,
 Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin, nigh,
 Muttered out with a shrug (what an insolent thing !)
 “ Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's King ;
 And dat *gros pied de cochon*—begar, me vil say
 Dat de foot look mosh better, if turned toder way.”
 There's the pillar, too—Lord ! I had nearly forgot—
 What a charming idea !—raised close to the spot ;
 The mode being now (as you've heard, I suppose),
 To build tombs over legs, and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that's occurred sentimental as yet ;
 Except, indeed, some little flower-nymphs we've met,
 Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,

Flinging flowers in your path, and then—bawling
for *sous*!

And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes
seem

To recall the good days of the *ancien régime*,
All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE
LORD VISCOUNT C—ST—R—GH

PARIS.

AT length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this
“Demoralized” metropolis;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turned quite topsy turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
“Stood prostrate” at the people’s feet;
Where (still to use your Lordship’s tropes)
The *level* of obedience *slopes*
Upward and downward, as the *stream*
Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam*!
Where the poor Palace changes masters
Quicker than a snake its skin,
And LOUIS is rolled out on castors,
While BONEY’S borne on shoulders in:—

But where, in every change, no doubt,
One special good your Lordship traces,—
That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,
The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount CASTLEREAGH,
I've thought of thee upon the way,
As in my *job* (what place could be
More apt to wake a thought of thee?)—
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dicky (as is fitting
For him who writes a Tour, that he
May more of men and manners see),
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories !
Reflecting how thy fame has grown
And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
Like Major SEMPLE, everywhere !

And marvelling with what powers of breath
Your Lordship, having speched to death
Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
Next speched to Sovereign's ears,—and when
All Sovereigns else were dozed, at last
Speched down the Sovereign of Belfast.
Oh ! 'mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis ;

Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
 There's *one* thou should'st be chiefly pleased at—
 That Ireland gives her snuff thy name
 And C——GH'S the thing now sneezed at !

IRELAND'S REVENGE

O E—GL—D ! could such poor revenge atone
 For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one ;
 Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
 The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
 To hear his curses on such barbarous sway
 Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way ;—
 Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
 Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets ;
 Were *this* his luxury, nêver is thy name
 Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy shame ;
 Hears maledictions ring from every side
 Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
 Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside ;
 That low and desperate envy, which to blast
 A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast ;—
 That monster, Self, too gross to be concealed,
 Which ever lurks behind thy proffered shield ;—
 That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
 Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,

Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gained,
Back to his masters, ready gagged and chained ;
Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, ravening flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promised good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood !
If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than
 this,
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fallen and tarnished thing thou art ;
That, as the centaur gave the infected vest
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee C——GH :—as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breathed out, thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb,
Her worst infections all condensed in him !

PHIL. FUDGE IN PARIS

BUT think, DICK, their Cooks—what a loss to man-
 kind !
What a void in the world would their art leave
 behind !

Their chronometer spits—their intense salamanders—
 Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders,
 All vanished for ever—their miracles o'er,
 And the *Marmite Perpétuelle* bubbling no more !
 Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies !

Take whatever ye fancy — take statues, take
 money—

But leave them, oh leave them, their Perigueux pies,
 Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny !
 Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
 Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
 Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
 Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs ?

You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"
 "Coquin Anglais," et cætera—how generous I am !
 And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
 Which will take us all night to get through in this
 way,)

From the Boulevards we saunter through many a
 street,

Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
 Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
 And find *twice* as much fun in the Signs of the
 Shops ;—

Here, a Louis Dix-huit—*there*, a Martinmas goose,
 (Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of
 use)—

Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any :—
St. TONY, who used all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn ;
While *there* St. VENECIA sits hemming and frilling her
Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner ;—
Saint AUSTIN'S the "outward and visible sign
Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small
wine ;

While St. DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,
And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,
Takes an interest in Dandies, who've got—next to
none !

Then we stare into shops — read the evening's
affiches—

Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should
wish

Just to flirt with a luncheon (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK,)
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't—*des Panoramas*
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.

We vary, of course—*petits pâtés* do *one* day,
The *next* we've our lunch with the Gaufrier Hol-
landais,

That popular artist, who brings out, like SC—TT,
His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot ;

Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,—
 Divine *maresquino*, which—Lord, how one swallows!

EXTRACTS FROM MR. FUDGE'S JOURNAL,
 ADDRESSED TO LORD C.

August 10.

WENT to the Mad-house—saw the man,
 Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend
 Of Discord here full riot ran,
He, like the rest, was guillotined;—
 But that when, under BONEY'S reign,
 (A more discreet, though quite as strong one,)
 The heads were all restored again,
 He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one*.
 Accordingly, he still cries out
 This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
 And always runs, poor devil, about,
 Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropt,
 And sauntered home, thought I—ye Gods!
 How many heads might thus be swopped,
 And, after all, not make much odds!
 For instance, there's V—S—TT—T'S head—
 (“*Tam carum*” it may well be said)

If by some curious chance it came
 To settle on BILL SOAMES'S shoulders,
 The' effect would turn out much the same
 On all respectable cash-holders :
 Except that while, in its *new* socket,
 The head was planning schemes to win
 A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,
 The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—DM—H, too, instead
 Of his own grave, respected head,
 Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
 Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP'S—
 So while the hand signed *Circulars*,
 The head might lisp out, "What is trumps?"—
 The R—G—T's brains could we transfer
 To some robust man-milliner,
 The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
 Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on ;
 And, *vice versâ*, take the pains
 To give the P—CE the shopman's brains,
 One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so.

'Twas thus I pondered on, my Lord ;
 And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,
 I found myself, before I snored,
 Thus chopping, swopping head for head,

At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit *myself*.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
 With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
 And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—BOTTOM.

FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE

A DREAM

I'VE had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess—
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjurer, to guess—
It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood,
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,
Which shone by moonlight—as the tale is—
Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said Palace, furnished all
 And lighted as the best on land are,
 I dreamt there was a splendid Ball
 Given by the Emperor Alexander,
 To entertain with all due zeal,
 Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
 Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
 At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy—and designed
 To hint how thus the human Mind
 May, like the stream imprisoned there,
 Be checked and chilled, till it can bear
 The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
 E'er yet be-praised, to dance upon it.

And all were pleased, and cold, and stately,
 Shivering in grand illumination—
 Admired the superstructure greatly,
 Nor gave one thought to the foundation.
 Much too the Czar himself exulted,
 To all plebeian fears a stranger,
 For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,
 Had pledged her word there was no danger.
 So, on he capered, fearless quite,
 Thinking himself extremely clever,
 And waltzed away with all his might,
 As if the Frost would last for ever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,
 Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled
 To see that goodly company,
 At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
 My loyal soul, at all unfounded—
 For, lo ! ere long, those walls so massy
 Were seized with an ill-omened dripping,
 And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
 Their Holinesses took to slipping.
 The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
 Could scarce get on for downright stumbling ;
 And Prussia, though to slippery ways
 Well used, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 'twas, *who* could stamp the floor most,
 Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost.—
 And now, to an Italian air,
 This precious brace would, hand in hand, go ;
 Now—while old Louis, from his chair,
 Intreated them his toes to spare—
 Called loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had,
 At which they all set to, like mad !
 Never were Kings (though small th' expense is
 Of wit among their Excellencies)
 So out of all their princely senses.

But, ah, that dance—that Spanish dance—
 Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
 When, glaring red, as 'twere a glance
 Shot from an angry Southern sun,
 A light through all the chambers flamed,
 Astonishing old Father Frost,
 Who, bursting into tears, exclaimed,
 “A thaw, by Jove—we're lost, we're lost ;
 Run, France—a second *Waterloo*
 Is come to drown you—*sauve qui peut !*”

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK

THE wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies ;
 And, ev'n when they most condescended to teach,
 They packed up their meaning, as they did their
 mummies,
 In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.
 They were also, good people, much given to Kings—
 Fond of craft and of crocodiles, monkeys and
 mystery ;
 But blue-bottle flies were their best beloved things—
 As will partly appear in this very short history.
 A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,
 To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis),
 Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
 To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
 Made much of, and worshipped, as something
 divine ;
 While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a
 halter,
 Before it lay stabbed at the foot of the shrine.

Surprised at such doings, he whispered his teacher—
 “ If ’t isn’t impertinent, may I ask why
 Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
 Be thus offered up to a blue-bottle Fly ? ”

“ No wonder ”—said t’other—“ you stare at the
 sight,
 But *we* as a Symbol of Monarchy view it—
 That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
 And that Bullock, the People, that’s sacrificed
 to it.”

RHYMES ON THE ROAD

EXTRACT IX

THE ENGLISH TOURIST

VENICE.

AND is there then no earthly place,
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some curst, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision?
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cits we're doomed to meet ;
For highest Alps nor Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle Street !

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—" Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—

The Funds—(pew, curse this ugly hill)—
 Are lowering fast—(what, higher still?)—
 And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven!)—
 Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
 Eternal London haunts us still.
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—
 Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,
 With every rill from Helicon!
 And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
 If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
 Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
 To gape at things in foreign lands,
 No soul among them understands;
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees;
 If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,
 To glide among the Pyramids—
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot, that's free from London-kind!
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* "at home"

Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
 Or, flying to the Eastward, see
 Some Mrs. HOPKINS, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China!

A SPECULATION

OF all speculations the market holds forth,
 The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
 Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,
 And then sell him at that which he sets on
 himself.

A JOKE VERSIFIED

“COME, come,” said Tom’s father, “at your time of
 life,
 There’s no longer excuse for thus playing the
 rake—
 It is time you should think, boy, of taking a
 wife”—
 “Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?”

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH
AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT

*At Paris et Fratres, et qui rapuère sub illis,
Vix tenuère manus (scis hoc, Menelæ) nefandas.*
OVID. *Metam.* lib. xiii. v. 202.

Go, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their
pinions!

The *one*, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's
dominions.

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that
prize thee;
Forget Mrs. Ang—lo T—yl—r awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart
thee,
But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough
To translate "Amor Fortis" a love, *about forty!*

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
 From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd
 earned in't,
 That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out "My *stars!*"
 And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way
 concerned in't.

For not the great R—g—t himself has endured
 (Though I've seen him with badges and orders
 all shine,
 Till he looked like a house that was *over* insured)
 A much heavier burden of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
 Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,
 As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,
 The *stars* are in fault, my Lord St—w—rt, not
 they!

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
 Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips
 Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and
 "glories,"
 And "*nullidge*," and "features," like syllabub slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation
 Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,
 Leaguings with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
 Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks
 metaphors.

Fare-ye-well, fare-ye-well, bright Pair of Peers,
 And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with
 their pinions !
 The one, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
 And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain's
 dominions.

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE

Effare causam nominis,
 Utrumue mores hoc tui
 Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
 Secuta morum regula. AUSONIUS.

1816.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,
 (By name, and ah ! by nature so)
 As thou art fond of persecutions,
 Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
 How Captain Gulliver was treated,
 When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men did—
 And having valiantly ascended
 Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
 They did so strut !—upon my soul,
 It must have been extremely droll
 To see their pigmy pride's exuberance !

And how the doughty mannikins
 Amused themselves with sticking pins,
 And needles in the great man's breeches :
 And how some *very* little things,
 That passed for Lords, on scaffoldings
 Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas ! that it should happen
 To mighty men to be-caught napping !—
 Though different, too, these persecutions ;
 For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,
 While, *here* the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,
 Is taken by the Lilliputians !

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION

“ I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that *whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest, should give way to the other.*”—*Extract from Mr. W. J. B—kes's Letter to Mr. G—lb—n.*

B—KES is weak, and G—lb—n too,
 No one e'er the fact denied ;—
 Which is “ *weakest* ” of the two,
 Cambridge can alone decide.
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is,
 B—kes, as much afraid as he ;
 Never yet did two old ladies
 On this point so well agree.
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
 Each the same conclusion reaches ;
 B—kes is foolish in Reviews,
 G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches.
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
 . When his own affairs have gone ill ;
 B—kes he damneth Buckingham,
 G—lb—n damneth Dan O'Connell
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
 Fixed th' election to a throne,
 So, which ever first shall *bray*,
 Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
 Choose him, choose him by his bray,
 Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS

1826.

DEAR Coz, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,
 When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,
 But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends
 As you chance to pick up from political friends—
 Being one of this well-informed class, I sit down
 To transmit you the last, newest news that's in
 town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things couldn't
 look better—

His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)
 Has just taken Rhodes, and dispatched off a letter
 To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master ;
 Engaging to change the old name, if he can,
 From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St.
 Dan ;—

Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)
 Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar—
 Most generous and kind, as all sovereigns are,
 And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose)
 Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes—

Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,
The late Emperor's nightcaps, and thinks of be-
stowing

One nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare)

On all the distinguished old ladies now going.
(While I write, an arrival from Riga—the "Brothers"—
Having nightcaps on board for Lord Eldon and
others.)

Last advices from India—Sir Archy, 'tis thought,
Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught
In N. Lat. 21)—and his Highness Burmese,
Being very hard pressed to shell out the rupees,
And not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant
To pawn his august Golden Foot for the payment.
(How lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they choose,
Can establish a *running* account with the Jews!)
The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"
A loan will be shortly, of course, set *on foot*;
The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring & Co.
With three other great pawnbrokers: each takes a toe,
And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us *leg-bail*,
As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail*.

This is all for the present—what vile pens and paper!
Yours truly, dear Cousin—best love to Miss Draper.

September 1826.

A VISION

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL

"UP!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray
 One hasty orison, whirled me away
 To a Limbo, lying—I wist not where—
 Above or below, in earth or air ;
 For it glimmered o'er with a *doubtful* light,
 One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night ;
 And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,
 One didn't know how to get on or back ;
 And I felt like a needle that's going astray
 (With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay ;
 When the Spirit he grinned, and whispered me,
 "Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery !"

Around me flitted unnumbered swarms
 Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms ;
 (Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room
 Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home)—
 All of them, things half-killed in rearing ;
 Some were lame—some wanted *hearing* ;
 Some had through half a century run,
 Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon.
 Others, more merry, as just beginning,
 Around on a *point of law* were spinning

Or balanced aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,
 Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer.
 Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please
 'em ;—

Some gulphed down *affidavits* to ease 'em ;—
 All were in motion, yet never a one,
 Let it *move* as it might, could ever move *on*.
 “These,” said the Spirit, “you plainly see,
 “Are what they call suits in Chancery !”

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,
 Like a chorus by fifty *Vellutis* sung ;
 Or an Irish Dump (“the words by Moore”)
 At an amateur concert screamed in score ;
 So harsh on my ear that wailing fell
 Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell !
 It seemed like the dismal symphony
 Of the shapes *Æneas* in hell did see ;
 Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook
 Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,
 To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
 “Give us our legs !—give us our legs !”
 Touched with the sad and sorrowful scene,
 I asked what all this yell might mean,
 When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,
 “'Tis the cry of the Suitors in Chancery !”

I looked, and I saw a wizard rise,
 With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.

In his aged hand he held a wand.
 Wherewith he beckoned his embryo band,
 And they moved and moved, as he waved it o'er,
 But they never got on one inch the more.
 And still they kept limping to and fro,
 Like Ariels round old Prospero—
 Saying "Dear Master, let us go,"
 But still old Prospero answered "No."
 And I heard, the while, that wizard elf
 Muttering, muttering spells to himself,
 While o'er as many old papers he turned,
 As Hume e'er moved for, or Omar burned.
 He talked of his virtue—"though some, less nice,
 (He owned with a sigh) preferred his *Vice*"—
 And he said, "I think"—"I doubt"—"I hope,"
 Called God to witness, and damned the Pope;
 With many more sleights of tongue and hand
 I couldn't, for the soul of me, understand.
 Amazed and posed, I was just about
 To ask his name, when the screams without,
 The merciless clack of the imps within,
 And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,
 That, startled, I woke—leaped up in my bed—
 Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjuror fled,
 And blessed my stars, right pleased to see,
 That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.

ODE TO FERDINAND

1827.

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,
 Grasp the needle once again ;
 Making petticoats is far
 Safer sport than making war ;
 Trimming is a better thing,
 Than the *being* trimmed, oh King !

Grasp the needle bright with which
 Thou didst for the Virgin stitch
 Garment, such as ne'er before
 Monarch stitched or Virgin wore.
 Not for her, oh seamster nimble !
 Do I now invoke thy thimble ;
 Not for her thy wanted aid is,
 But for certain grave old ladies,
 Who now sit in England's cabinet,
 Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,
 Or whatever choice *étouffe* is
 Fit for Dowagers in office.
 First, thy care, oh King, devote
 To Dame Eld—n's petticoat.

Make it of that silk, whose dye
 Shifts for ever to the eye,

Just as if it hardly knew
 Whether to be pink or blue.
 Or—material fitter yet—
 If thou couldst a remnant get
 Of that stuff, with which, of old,
 Sage Penelope, we're told,
 Still by doing and undoing,
 Kept her *suitors* always wooing—
 That's the stuff which I pronounce, is
 Fittest for Dame Eld—n's flounces.

After this, we'll try thy hand,
 Mantua-making Ferdinand,
 For old Goody W—stm—l—d ;
 One who loves, like Mother Cole,
 Church and State with all her soul ;
 And has passed her life in frolics
 Worthy of your Apostolics.
 Choose, in dressing this old flirt,
 Something that won't show the dirt,
 As, from habit, every minute
 Goody W—stm—l—d is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,
 Hie thee, monarch, to thy task ;
 Finish Eld—n's frills and borders,
 Then return for further orders.
 Oh what progress for our sake,
 Kings in millinery make !

Ribands, garters, and such things,
 Are supplied by *other* Kings,—
 Ferdinand his rank denotes
 By providing petticoats.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA QUESTION

BY LORD ELD—N

“*Vos inumbrelles video.*”—*Ex. Juvenil.* GEORGII CANNINGII.

1827.

MY Lords, I'm accused of a trick that, God knows, is
 The last into which, at my age, I could fall—
 Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,
 Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all.

My Lords, on the question before us at present,
 No doubt I shall hear, “’Tis that cursed old
 fellow,
 That bugbear of all that is liberal and pleasant,
 Who won't let the Lords give the man his
 umbrella !”

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to
 me ;

I am ancient—but were I as old as King Priam,
 Not much, I confess, to your credit 'twould be,
 To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,
 And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,
 That, *once* having taken men's rights, or umbrellas,
 We ne'er should consent to restore them again.

What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,
 If thus you give back Mr. Bell's parapluie,
 That he mayn't, with its stick, come about all your
 ears,
 And then—*where* would your Protestant periwigs
 be?

No, heaven be my judge, were I dying to-day,
 Ere I dropped in the grave, like a medlar that's
 mellow,
 "For God's sake"—at that awful moment I'd say—
 "For God's sake, *don't* give Mr. Bell his umbrella."

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERN- MENT OF IRELAND

1828.

OFT have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,
 Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride
 Two stately steeds—standing, with graceful straddle,
 Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,
 While to soft tunes—some jigs, and some *andantes*—
 He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,
 That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present ;—
Papist and *Protestant* the coursers twain,
 That lend their necks to his impartial rein,
 And round the ring—each honoured, as they go,
 With equal pressure from his gracious toe—
 To the old medley tune, half “Patrick’s Day”
 And half “Boyne Water,” take their cantering way,
 While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks
 His long-lashed whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks.
 Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art !
 How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start ;—
 If *Protestant’s* old restive tricks were gone,
 And *Papist’s* winkers could be still kept on !
 But no, false hopes—not even the great Ducrow
 ’Twixt two such steeds could ’scape an overthrow :
 If *solar* hacks played Phaëton a trick,
 What hope, alas, from hackney’s *lunatic* ?

If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,
 Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses ;
 If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip
 To *Papist’s* tail or *Protestant’s* ear-tip—
 That instant ends their glorious horsemanship !
 Off bolt the severed steeds, for mischief free,
 And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea !

ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS

BY ONE OF THE BOARD

1828.

LET other bards to groves repair,
 Where linnets strain their tuneful throats,
 Mine be the Woods and Forests, where
 The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*.

No whispering winds have charms for me,
 Nor zephyrs balmy sighs I ask ;
 To raise the wind for Royalty
 Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task !

And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods,
 And all such vulgar irrigation,
 Let Gallic rhino through our Woods
 Divert its "course of liquid-ation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well
 What Woods and Forests *ought* to be,
 When, sly, he introduced in hell
 His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree :—

Nor see I why, some future day,
 When short of cash, we should not send
 Our H—rr—s down—he knows the way—
 To see if Woods in hell will *lend*.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,
 Beneath whose "*branches* of expense"
 Our gracious K——g gets all he wants,—
Except a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclined,
 Like him of fair Armida's bowers,
 May W—ll—n some *wood*-nymph find,
 To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours ;

To rest from toil the Great Untaught,
 And soothe the pangs his warlike brain
 Must suffer, when, unused to thought,
 It tries to think, and—tries in vain.

Oh long may Woods and Forests be
 Preserved, in all their teeming graces,
 To shelter Tory bards, like me,
 Who take delight in Sylvan *places* !

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF
 THE SHANNON

1828.

"Take back the virgin page."

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.

NO longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy
 At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,
 That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,
 And he, the dear innocent placeman, another.

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee ;—
 Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more ;
 By St. Patrick, we've scrawled such a lesson upon
 thee
 As never was scrawled upon foolscap before.

Come—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,
 (Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would lend
 you,)

Read V—sey all o'er (as you *can't* read a book)
 And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send
 you ;

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters traced,
 Whose awful impressions from you and your kin
 Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effaced—
 Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you're mere *asses' skin*.

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,
 Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare
 one ;

But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
 And you, my Lord Duke (as you *hinted* once),
 wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er ;—
 You will find him worth all the old scrolls of
 papyrus,
 That Egypt e'er filled with nonsensical lore,
 Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire us.

All blank as he was, we've returned him on hand,
 Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and
 Dukes,
 Whose plain, simple drift if they *won't* understand,
 Though caressed at St. James's, they're fit for St.
 Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls!—more meaning con-
 veyed is
 In one single leaf such as now we have spelled on,
 Than e'er hath been uttered by all the old ladies
 That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eldon.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES

ACCORDING to some learned opinions
 The Irish once were Carthaginians ;
 But, trusting to more late descriptions,
 I'd rather say they were Egyptians.
 My reason's this :—the Priests of Isis,
 When forth they marched in long array,
 Employed, 'mong other grave devices,
 A Sacred Ass to lead the way ;
 And still the antiquarian traces
 'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
 For still, in all religious cases,
 They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

RESOLUTIONS

PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS
AND RIGHT REVERENDS

RESOLVED—to stick to every particle
Of every Creed and every article ;
Reforming nought, or great or little,
We'll stanchly stand by every tittle,
And scorn the swallow of that soul
Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolved that, though St. Athanasius
In damning souls is rather spacious—
Though wide and far his curses fall,
Our Church "hath stomach for them all" ;
And those who're not content with such,
May e'en be d—d ten times as much.
Resolved—such liberal souls are we—
Though hating Nonconformity,
We yet believe the cash no worse is
That comes from Nonconformist purses.
Indifferent *whence* the money reaches
The pockets of our reverend breeches,
To us the Jumper's jingling penny
Chinks with a tone as sweet as any ;
And even our old friends Yea and Nay
May through the nose for ever pray,
If *also* through the nose they'll pay.

Resolved, that Hooper, Latimer,
And Cranmer, all extremely err,
In taking such a low-bred view
Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do :—
All owing to the fact, poor men,
That Mother Church was modest then,
Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
The Public, would in time produce.
One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

Resolved, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
Whose income just enough affords
To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
Giving the poor the largest shares—
Our answer is, in one short word,
We think it pious, but absurd.
Those good men made the world their debtor,
But we, the Church reformed, know better ;
And, taking all that all can pay,
Balance th' account the other way.

Resolved, our thanks profoundly due are
To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,
Who proves (by arguments so clear
One sees how much he holds *per* year)

That England's Church, though out of date,
 Must still be left to lie in state,
 As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
 The mummy of King Osymandyas,
 All pickled snug—the brains drawn out—
 With costly cerements swathed about,—
 And "Touch me not," those words terrific,
 Scrawled o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆCOCRACY

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING

—"Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
 Delegit pacisque bonas bellicque ministras."—VIRGIL.

As Whig Reform has had its range,
 And none of us are yet content,
 Suppose, my friends, by way of change,
 We try a *Female Parliament*;

And since, of late, with *he* M.P.'s
 We've fared so badly, take to she's—
 Petticoat patriots, flounced John Russells,
 Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles*.
 The plan is startling, I confess—
 But 'tis but an affair of dress;

Nor see I much there is to choose
 'Twixt Ladies (so they're thoroughbred ones)
 In ribands of all sorts of hues,
 Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,
 Whatever other trade advances ;
 As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,
 We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances ;
 Nor let this world's important questions
 Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,
 To Weippert's band they may go better ;
 There's Lady ——, in one quadrille,
 Would settle Europe, if you'd let her :
 And who the deuce or asks, or cares,
 When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,
 Whether they've *danced* through State affairs,
 Or simply, duly, *dined* upon 'em ?

Hurrah then for the Petticoats !
 To them we pledge our free-born votes :
 We'll have all *she*, and only *she*—
 Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"
 Old dowagers our Bishops be,
 And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,
 Her own Olympus will abandon,
 And help to prop th' Administration,
 It *can't* have better legs to stand on.
 The famed Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
 Each evening, forth in learned oration ;
 Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh !")
 For full returns of population :
 And, finally, to crown the whole,
 The Princess Olive, Royal soul,
 Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
 Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
 And, 'mid our Unions' loyal chorus,
 Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

THE CONSULTATION

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful."

THE CRITIC.

1833.

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the floor between them.

Dr. Whig.—This wild Irish patient *does* pester me so,
 That what to do with him, I'm curst if I know ;
 I've *promised* him anodynes——
Dr. Tory. Anodynes !—Stuff.

Tie him down—gag him well—he'll be tranquil enough.
That's *my* mode of practice.

Dr. Whig. True, quite in *your* line,
But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.

'Tis so painful——

Dr. Tory.—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he feels,
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
And letting them wriggle on there till they tire,
He, too, says "'tis painful"—"quite makes his
heart bleed"—

But "your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed."—
He would fain use them gently, but Cookery says
"No,"

And—in short—eels were *born* to be treated just so.
'Tis the same with these Irish,—who're odder fish
still,—

Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill ;
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes ;—
But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may make bold
To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old,—
We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,
And, indifferent like him,—so the fish is *but* stewed,—
Must torture live Pats for the general good,

[*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*

Dr. Whig.—But what, if one's patient's so devilish
perverse,

That he *won't* be thus tortured ?

Dr. Tory. Coerce, sir, coerce.
You're a juvenile performer, but once you begin,
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in :
And (*smiling*) who knows but old Tory may take to
the shelf,
With the comforting thought that, in place and in
pelf,

He's succeeded by one just as—bad as himself ?

Dr. Whig (looking flattered).—Why, to tell you
the truth, I've a small matter here,
Which you helped me to make for my patient last
year,—

[*Goes to a cupboard and brings out
a strait-waistcoat and gag.*

And such rest I've enjoyed from his raving since then,
That I've made up my mind he shall wear it again.

Dr. Tory (embracing him).—Oh, charming !

My dear Doctor Whig, you're a treasure.
Next to torturing *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.
[*Assisting Dr. Whig.*

Give me leave—I've some practice in these mad
machines ;

There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means.
Delightful !—all's snug—not a squeak need you
fear,—

You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

[*Scene closes.*

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS

1833.

About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced which the wise now
applaud,
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
As good raw materials for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West-Indian island, whose name I forget,
Was the region then chosen for this scheme so
romantic ;
And such the success the first colony met,
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-looked for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might
greet,
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
They had sorrowed to lose, but would soon again
meet.

And, hark ! from the shore a glad welcome there
came—

“ Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet
boy ? ”

While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name
Thus hailed by black devils, who capered for joy !

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,
 Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady;
 Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
 “Good Lord! only think — black and curly
 already!”

Deceived by that well-mimicked brogue in his ears,
 Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed
 figures,
 And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,
 To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL

'Tis thus,—but alas!—by a marvel more true
 Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—
 Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
 By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them “strong measures”
 advise,
 Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get
 steady,
 I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
 “Good Lord!—only think,—black and curly
 already!”

EPISTLE FROM HENRY OF EX—T—R
TO JOHN OF TUAM

DEAR John, as I know, like our brother of London,
You've sipped of all knowledge, both sacred and
mundane,

No doubt, in some ancient Joe Miller, you've read
What Cato, that cunning old Roman, once said—
That he ne'er saw two reverend soothsayers meet,
Let it be where it might, in the shrine or the street,
Without wondering the rogues, 'mid their solemn
grimaces,

Didn't burst out a laughing in each other's faces.
What Cato then meant, though 'tis so long ago,
Even we in the present times pretty well know ;
Having soothsayers also, who—sooth to say, John—
Are no better in some points than those of days gone,
And a pair of whom, meeting (between you and me),
Might laugh in their sleeves, too—all lawn though
they be.

But this, by the way—my intention being chiefly
In this, my first letter, to hint to you briefly,
That, seeing how fond you of *Tuum* must be,
While *Meum's* at all times the main point with me,
We scarce could do better than form an alliance,
To set these sad Anti-Church times at defiance :

You, John, recollect, being still to embark,
 With no share in the firm but your title and *mark*;
 Or ev'n should you feel in your grandeur inclined
 To call yourself Pope, why, I shouldn't much mind;
 While *my* church as usual holds fast by your Tuum,
 And every one else's, to make it all Suum.

Thus allied, I've no doubt we shall nicely agree,
 As no twins can be liker, in most points than we;
 Both, specimens choice of that mixed sort of beast,
 (See Rev. xiii. 1) a political priest;
 Both mettlesome *chargers*, both brisk pamphleteers,
 Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears;
 And I, at least one, who would scorn to stick longer
 By any giv'n cause than I found it the stronger,
 And who, smooth in my turnings as if on a swivel,
 When the tone ecclesiastic won't do, try the *civil*.

In short (not to bore you, ev'n *jure divino*)
 We've the same cause in common, John—all but the
 rhino;
 And that vulgar surplus, whate'er it may be,
 As you're not used to cash, John, you'd best leave
 to me.

And so, without form—as the postman won't tarry—
 I'm, dear Jack of Tuam,

Yours,

EXETER HARRY.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND
TRANSLATIONS

ODES OF ANACREON



ON READING LORD BYRON'S MEMOIRS

VENICE.

*Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself.—Reflections,
when about to read them.*

LET me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like PSAPHON'S birds, speaking their master's name,
In every language, syllabled by Fame?—
How all, who've felt the various spells combined
Within the circle of that master-mind,—

Like spells, derived from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,—
Would burn to know when first the Light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
Most pain or bliss in those on whom they blazed ;
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour ;
And feel, in watching o'er his first advance,
 As did th' Egyptian traveller, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathomed with his lance
 The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who, 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
 In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,—
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
 On earth of old, had touched them with its beams,—
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate ;
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light ;—
How gladly all, who've watched these struggling
 rays
Of a bright, ruined spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
 What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse ;
 Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN

“ Principibus placuisse viris ! ”—HORAT.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
 Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
 Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
 And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close :—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
 By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave ;—
 Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead
 Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his
 grave.

Oh ! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
 And spirits so mean in the great and high-born ;
 To think what a long line of titles may follow
 The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn !

How proud they can press to the funeral array
 Of one, whom they shunned in his sickness and
 sorrow :—

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow !

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
 Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness
 cast :—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee
 With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine ;—
 No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
 Tho' this would make Europe's whole opulence
 mine ;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou
 hast—
 All mean as it is—must have consciously burned,
 When the pittance, which shame had wrung from
 thee at last,
 And which found all his wants at an end, was
 returned !

“ Was *this* then the fate,”—future ages will say,
 When *some* names shall live but in history's curse ;
 When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
 Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse ;—

“ Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
 The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,
 The orator,—dramatist,—minstrel,—who ran
 Through each mode of the lyre, and was master
 of all ;—

“ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
 From the finest and best of all other men's powers ;—
 Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
 And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its
 showers ;—

“ Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,
 Played round every subject, and shone as it played;—
 Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
 Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—

“ Whose eloquence—brightening whatever it tried,
 Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—
 Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
 As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave ! ”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;—
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
 Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams of the Great,
 And expect ’twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ;
 O Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die !

SIR JOHN STEVENSON

(FROM “ RHYMES ON THE ROAD ”)

AND still, to lead our evening choir,
 Was He invoked, thy loved-one’s Sire—
 He, who, if aught of grace there be
 In the wild notes I write or sing,

First smoothed their links of harmony,
And lent them charms they did not bring ;
He, of the gentlest, simplest heart,
With whom, employed in his sweet art,
(That art, which gives this world of ours
A notion how they speak in heaven,)
I've passed more bright and charmed hours
Than all earth's wisdom could have given.
O happy days, O early friends
How Life, since then, hath lost its flowers !
But yet—though Time *some* foliage rends,
The stem, the Friendship, still is ours ;
And long may it endure, as green,
And fresh as it hath always been !



How I have wandered from my theme !
But where is he, that could return
To such cold subjects from a dream,
Through which these best of feelings burn ?—
Not all the works of Science, Art,
Or Genius in this world are worth
One genuine sigh, that from the heart
Friendship or Love draws freshly forth.

A REMONSTRANCE

After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some Idea of giving up all Political Pursuits.

WHAT! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name—
 Thou, born of a Russell—whose instinct to run
 The accustomed career of thy sires, is the same
 As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamped with a seal
 Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set ;
 With the blood of thy race, offered up for the weal
 Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet !

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
 From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,
 And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
 'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?

Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair
 Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,
 Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare
 Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou.

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those
 Who in life's sunny valley lie sheltered and warm ;
 Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose
 To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her storm ;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,
It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre ;
Yet mellowed, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,
Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire ;

With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height,
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er ;
But a current, that works out its way into light
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade ;
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,
Yet think how to Freedom thou'rt pledged by thy
Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree
Set apart for the Fane and its service divine,
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty *claimed* for the use of her Shrine.

MY BIRTH-DAY

“ My birth-day ”—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears !
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears !

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old ;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—"were he ordained to run
"His long career of life again,
"He would do all that he *had* done."—

Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me ;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavished unwisely, carelessly ;
Of counsel mocked ; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines ;
Of nursing many a wrong desire ;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That crossed my pathway, for his star.—
All this it tells, and, could I trace
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,

How little of the past would stay !
How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me ;

Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly ;
And that dear home, that saving-ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round !

TO LADY HOLLAND

ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX

GIFT of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watched, for ever nigh ;
Oh ! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

PARIS, *July* 1821.

ODES OF ANACREON

ODE VIII

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great :
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh ! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe ;
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine ;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile ;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.

For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more !

ODE XIV

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze ;
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep ;
Then, when you have numbered these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
• All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
In the famed Corinthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound ;
There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine.
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle ;
Many in Ionia smile ;

Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast ;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum them all—of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there.
What, you stare? I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I numbered every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete ;
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm, desiring train ;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore ;
These, and many far removed,
All are loving—all are loved !

ODE XXXIV

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,

That happiest kings may envy thee.
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear ;
For thou art mild as matin dew ;
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain ;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes, and thee revere !
The Muses love thy shrilly tone ;
Apollo calls thee all his own ;
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect, child of earth,
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth ;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away ;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein ;
So blest an age is passed by thee,
Thou seem'st—a little deity !

ODE LV

While we invoke the wreathèd spring,
Resplendent rose ! to thee we'll sing :
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers ;
Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's spring-tide season glows,
The Graces love to wreathe the rose ;
And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,
An emblem of herself perceives.
Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have reared it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid floweret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay !
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,

And fill with balm the fainting gale.
There's nought in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;
Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,
O'er whitest arms it kindles through.
In Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.

The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm ;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay :
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death !
Oh ! whence could such a plant have sprung ?
Listen,—for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared, in flushing hues,
Mellowed by ocean's briny dews ;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance ;—

Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, in blushing glories drest,
And wantoned o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth !
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who gave the glorious vine ;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LXI

Youth's endearing charms are fled ;
Hoary locks deform my head ;
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face ;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This it is that sets me sighing ;
Dreary is the thought of dying !
Lone and dismal is the road,
Down to Pluto's dark abode ;
And, when once the journey's o'er,
Ah ! we can return no more !

EPIGRAM

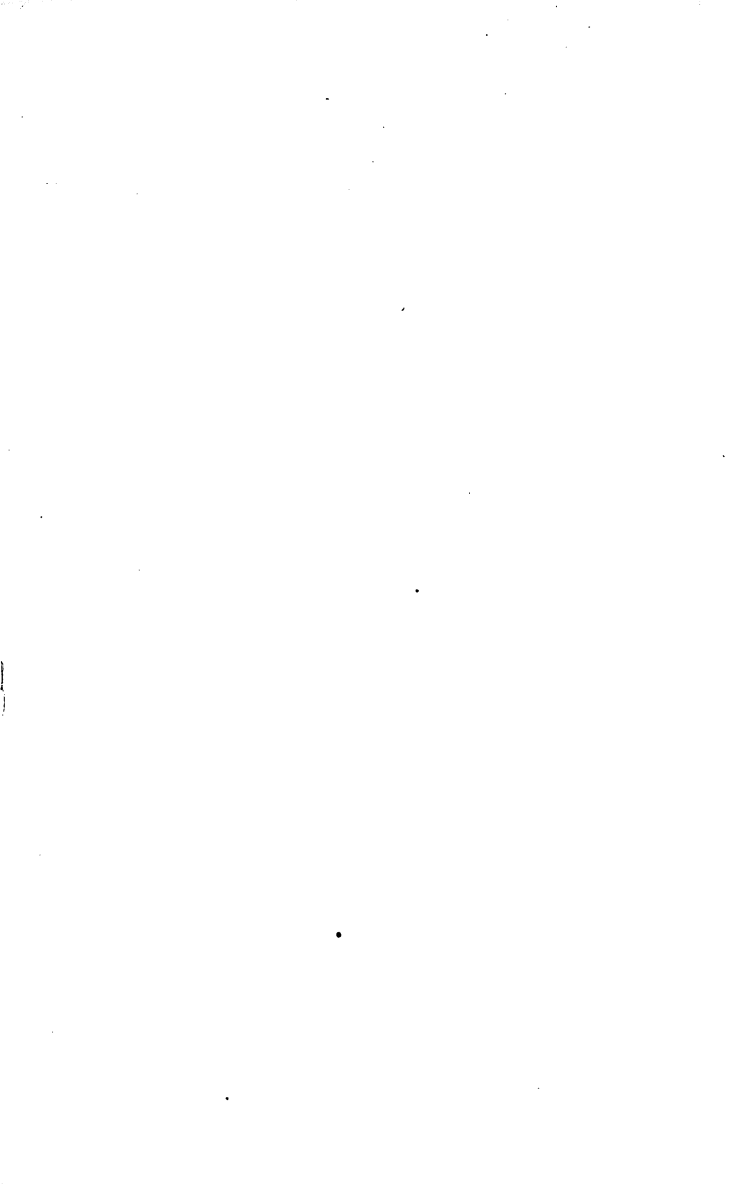
FROM THE GREEK

Around the tomb, oh, bard divine !
Where soft thy hallowed brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer spread her waste of roses !

And there shall many a fount distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers ;
But wine shall be each purple rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his tenderest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure,—

Thus, after death, if shades can feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming !



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